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IT is an elementary principle of law that whoever hales another into court must himself appear with clean hands. By this test the United States Department of Justice is no longer entitled to prosecute even the meanest war grafter in the country, since its own head, Attorney General Daugherty, stands before the country his hands dripping with the slime of the release of Charles W. Morse. According to evidence presented to Congress by Senator Caraway of Arkansas, and unrefuted by Mr. Daugherty, the latter not only sold his personal friendship with President Taft to obtain the release of Mr. Morse from Atlanta Penitentiary but blocked proceedings to reopen the case in spite of widely published evidences of fraud. Senator Caraway has unearthed a letter of Thomas B. Felder, stating that he went after Mr. Daugherty because he "stood as close to the President [Mr. Taft] as any other lawyer or citizen of the United States" and agreed to divide the swag obtained for the release of Mr. Morse. Fortunately the booty obtained, although it promised large, turned out to be mostly worthless stock. It was one dubious transaction in the career of Mr. Morse for which the public will not greatly condemn him. Meanwhile Mr. Daugherty is keeping behind the bars some one hundred men whose moral integrity is not questioned but who are martyrs to their political and economic opinions. If Mr. Daugherty were an underling in any government department he would be suspended at once to await investigation. As head of the Department of Justice decency demands that he resign. Since he has failed to do so, President Harding ought to remove him before performing a single other official act.

THE acquittal of William Blizzard, charged with treason in connection with the march of the miners in West Virginia last summer, is a welcome sign of the probable collapse of the entire prosecution. The fact that Blizzard was picked for trial first has been accepted as an indication that the case against him was the strongest, and its failure to stand up before a jury confirms the impression that there never was any justification for charges of treason as a consequence of the unhappy events of nearly a year ago. The sham and animus of the proceedings is further illuminated by the testimony of W. R. Thurmond, president of the Logan County coal operators, that his organization financed the prosecution to the extent of at least $15,000. The ruling of the judge that this fact had nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of Blizzard may be technically correct, but it warrants the assumption of persecution rather than prosecution, and ought to jolt the citizens of even coal-controlled West Virginia.

THAT 10 per cent horizontal freight-rate reduction which the Interstate Commerce Commission has decreed shall go into effect on July 1, represents, we suspect, a kind of despairing compromise by men overpowered by the mass of testimony to which they have listened and the complexity of the problems they must solve. It does not achieve the desire of the Administration or of shippers for rates which will stimulate business. It takes the place of temporary reductions already made on certain products and consequently "existing rates . . . on live stock, farm products, hardwood, and cotton either are not decreased . . . or are decreased only by the narrowest margin." Thomas Kennedy, chairman of the Anthracite Miners' Scale Committee, computes the reduction on a ton of hard coal at only 31.2 cents, which is very small in view of the large proportion of the cost of coal to the consumer now absorbed by the railroads. On the other hand the railroad executives declare that the reduction will work hardship on the roads. If they accept it, it will only be with the avowed intent to take it out of wages, thus aggravating the labor controversy. The Labor Board's latest decision reducing the wages of maintenance-of-way employees is a substantial step in that direction. As unsatisfactory as the 10 per cent cut is the decision setting 5.75 per cent as the average return on the aggregate value of railroad prop-

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erty which the rates ought to produce. It expresses a pious hope which can give no real assurance to investors and yet must encourage manipulation of railroad accounts by executives who will demand higher rates or lower wages in order to earn the return to which the "honor of the country" is pledged.

ONCE more the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Labor Board call attention to the utter impossibility of solving the transportation problem along present lines. Nobody is satisfied. The ordinary investor is shy of railroad investments because of limited and uncertain return; the executives and labor are at swords' points over the wage question; shippers are angry at both because of the high rates; one government body regulates rates and another wages. Every group is playing its own game. If the nation owned the railroads capital could be hired at a comparatively low but certain rate of interest and a form of tripartite management representing the public, technical and managerial experts, and labor could bring about a consideration of transportation as a whole. This solution, once repudiated as "radical," may yet be urged by investors and business men as the only way to restore prosperity.

IT doesn't mean much to the average person to tell him that the tariff will cost the country several billion dollars in subsidies to manufacturers. So the Fair Tariff League has put some of the cost in simple terms of domestic economy. For example, the proposed duty on wool will add $4.15 to the price of a cheap dress, part wool, part shoddy. Mutton is taxed 2½ cents per pound and lamb 5 cents. Linoleum is taxed 35 cents on the dollar, though a duty of eight or nine cents would equalize the American and British costs of production. The American aluminum trust, which sells in England at 15 cents per pound aluminum for which it gets 21 cents from Americans, is given a generous subsidy of 5 to 9 cents per pound on the metal and 70 per cent on kitchen ware. But, they say, the American worker gets the benefit. Consider these figures: Women in knitting mills are paid 4 cents for knitting a pair of cheap woolen stockings. Women who buy this grade of stocking will pay 18 cents duty per pair, four and one-third times the labor cost. The wool grower gets 5 cents protection and the manufacturer 13. Isn't it about time that the American people should break this costly tariff habit?

A PUBLIC which has a short memory for sensational crimes and unjust convictions may have forgotten the riot in Centralia, Washington, during the Armistice Day parade in 1919 for which seven I. W. W.'s were convicted of murder in the second degree and two acquitted. But some of the jurors could not forget. E. E. Torpen of Montesano now swears that "if these men had not been affiliated with the I. W. W. organization they would never have been convicted." He also says that on a trial ballot the jury voted to acquit. But it appears that there was enough sentiment in the jury room for conviction to make the jurors fear a divided jury and a new trial. Two of them, E. E. Sweitzer and W. E. Inman, now swear that fearing that a new trial would result in conviction owing to the popular hysteria they agreed on "a second-degree verdict against seven of the defendants" and acquitted two who were thus left free "to work for the release of the others." These affidavits mean that Washington has a case rivaling California's Mooney case, yet the Washington press has for the most part ignored it.

WHAT the Genoa Conference of politicians and diplomats could not even discuss the Paris meeting of bankers may be in the way of accomplishing. The gentlemen who control the purse strings are arranging a loan for Germany sufficiently attractive to persuade the Wirth Government to make terms with the Reparation Commission and thereby deprive Poincaré of an excuse to occupy the Ruhr. At the meeting of the bankers J. P. Morgan occupied the seat of honor. With Wall Street so well represented at Paris, the absence of an accredited diplomatic representative of the United States at Genoa becomes a secondary consideration not worth the ink that has been shed in its discussion. For the bankers are the real rulers, and even those whose dream of internationalism is far from satisfied with the internationalism of high finance must admit that the bankers seem to be displaying a better grasp on economic realities than the politicians.

AT least Lloyd George is never dull. His eight-column speech on the Genoa Conference was the work of a good journalist who happened also to be a special pleader of great subtlety. His story of the conference would be a piece of great historical writing if it were not tainted all through with the political exigencies of the occasion. The overwhelming vote of confidence that followed was in part at least a tribute to a masterly defense of a lost cause. Mr. Lloyd George appealed most effectively to a doctrine of imperfection. "We didn't do much, perhaps, but we did all we could. . . . What would you have done in my place? . . . You have to take things as you find them." Such was the tenor of his remarks. His air was one of frankness—frankness in imparting nothing in particular. And the House of Commons, which certainly has nothing more definite or bold to offer, responded warmly. Mr. George said nothing on any subject which is likely to close the door on future discussions. He can still oppose France with an air of brotherly disapproval. He can still support Russia or Germany in the spirit of a stern judge. In short he can still play the kind of politics that have served him well in the past.

DESPITE denials we are inclined to believe that Charles R. Crane was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment by the French military authorities in Syria. Mr. Crane, who was appointed Ambassador to China by President Taft but recalled because of "indiscreet" speeches against Japan, has a way of feeling strongly and of expressing himself as he feels; and the French military authorities in Syria, from what we have heard since they ejected King Feisal from Damascus, are capable of almost any silliness. Mr. Crane doubtless saw enough of their oppressive ways to irritate him, and he doubtless told the Syrian Nationalists with whom he consorted what he thought of it all, and if his remarks, as is reported, played a part in a Syrian uprising, General Gouraud is just the man to have Mr. Crane, after he had left the country, sentenced to twenty years in jail. The French have a way of sentencing people to long jail terms or even to death when they cannot lay their hands on the offenders; it gives a certain release to their suppressed emotions and does nobody any harm. If it serves to call attention to the French exploitation of Syria under the guise of a Wilsonian "mandate" it may do good.

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FRENCH newspapers fairly foamed at the mouth when Mr. Lloyd George was reported to have said to M. Barthou that the Entente was at an end, and they plainly did not believe either the former or the latter when both denied it. The fact that the *entente cordiale* is at an end, and that only a discredited tradition of alliance cemented by an impossible treaty remains to hold England and France together, of course is irrelevant to the discussion; the crime is for a statesman to say that the alliance is at an end. But the French are quite right in claiming that the British have no cleaner record than they in the matter of lone action. France and Italy have both made treaties with the Kemalist Turks, and both urge that the Allies jointly abandon the Treaty of Sèvres—which has never been more than a paper document, because the Sultan's Government which signed it exists only within range of British guns—and negotiate a new agreement in accord with present conditions. The British have persistently refused, and apparently continue their clandestine support to the Greek army holding part of Turkey. It is hard to avoid the suspicion that the fact that the British flag waves in Constantinople and that Constantinople letters bear stamps with the effigy of King George has something to do with this British determination to act alone; just as, under the circumstances, it is difficult to give full weight to the profound interest suddenly manifested by the British in the atrocities charged against the Kemalist Turks. When the French argue that the same logic which applies to treating with the Bolsheviks applies to treating with the Turks, they score.

CAN a government kill a great popular movement by wholesale imprisonment of its leaders? That is the question which is raised by the statement of the Bombay correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* that 10,000 of the leading Indian Non-Cooperators are in jail (one of the imprisoned leaders put the number at 25,000) and that Gandhi has been unable to find any one out of prison to whom to turn over his own immense powers as leader of the movement. It may be consoling to assert that you cannot imprison ideas, but history records more than one case when state and church and master class have prevailed by injustice and checked the march of ideas by killing or imprisoning those capable of putting them in action. There is no question that the Non-Cooperative movement in India is marking time. It may be gathering strength for new effort. Certainly the fine religious fervor which Gandhi kindled is by no means quenched. But whether active nationalism will press forward along the lines Gandhi laid down, or turn to a more or less constitutional struggle to wrest increasing power from the bureaucracy, or break out in violent and probably unsuccessful revolt, it is impossible to predict. What is certain is that whenever any government lives by confining as common felons ten thousand of the most idealistic and capable of its subjects it forfeits its right to the respect of mankind and inflicts a grievous wound on society.

A QUESTION which has bothered theologians is answered offhand by one of Jersey's illustrious statesmen. What is Christianity? It is, Senator Edge would have us believe, reverence for the great god private property. Russia has repudiated the rights of private property. Therefore, to recognize the Soviet Government "is destructive of all that Christianity has accomplished in the last 2,000 years." President Hibben of Princeton is not content with denunciation. He would have the United States go to the forthcoming conference at the Hague and convert Russia by force—"take her by the throat and show her that she has got to have an international mind and an international heart." Mr. Hibben, we hasten to explain, evidently referred not to the internationalism of Karl Marx but of private property. This religion of property, like most religions, is metaphysical. Say the sacred formula: "I believe in the sanctity of private property" and you can tax it to the point of extinction, destroy it or confiscate it in war, juggle it out of existence by inflation or deflation of currency. All these things the Western nations have done. But let a people say: "There is no sacred and eternal obligation upon us to recognize our indebtedness to those who loaned our master the money which paid for our chains, or to tax ourselves to pay others for what war destroyed, or to recognize the immortality of special privilege represented by past concessions" and that people is outlawed from the Society of Nations in the name of the religion of one whose most emphatic warning was against the service of Mammon!

WE are to have a genuine cooperative theater. A group of actors from within the Equity Association has been incorporated, has leased the Forty-eighth Street Theater, and announces at least five productions for the coming season. Of the net proceeds of this venture one-third will be given to the working actors; the other two-thirds will be devoted to the establishment of similar enterprises in other cities and thus, we take it, contribute to the gradual liberation of a part at least of the American theater from the dominance of purely commercial interests. Nothing could be more admirably conceived and planned than this venture and the founders have also shown real artistic sagacity in appointing Mr. Augustin Duncan director of the Equity Players. Their danger will approach when it comes to the question of selecting plays. If originality and power are to be sacrificed to propriety and sweetness all this fine effort will go for nothing. We do not say this to be morose but because the emissary sent to Europe to investigate the play-market there for the Equity Players is the co-author of "Lilac Time" and star of "Smilin' Through."

THE death of Henry Bataille, poet and dramatist, is announced from Paris. He was only fifty years old but had been for a considerable period the best known, both nationally and internationally, of contemporary French playwrights. What was scarcely known at all was that he began his literary career as a lyrical poet and that the verses in his single volume "La Chambre blanche" are worth all the plays which gave him so resounding a reputation. The author of the poems was a man of the finest spiritual delicacy and the master of a minor and wavering but fresh and personal rhythm. It was this man that reappeared once more during the war and took his stand on the side of moderation, sanity, and peace. The playwright was almost wholly a creature of the boulevards and illustrated the utter divorce of the French drama from the personal and the creative. "Maman Colibri," "La Femme nue," "Les Flambeaux," and "L'Amazone" were magnificently manufactured. But they were manufactured and moved wholly within that conventional stage psychology of love that needs forgiveness which is as stereotyped as the psychology of honest love more favored by the novel readers and playgoers of England and America.

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The Anti-Lynching Bill

THE Republican majority in the Senate seems to be waking up to the fact that the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is an issue. Senator Lodge the other day indicated that something would have to be done about it. He is right. Something will have to be done. His party has appealed to the colored voters ever since the Civil War on the ground that it was the party of Abraham Lincoln. During all these years lynching has flourished unchecked south of Mason and Dixon's Line—and sometimes north of it as well. The House on January 26 passed a bill to bring the power of the Federal Government to bear upon that ghastly situation. If the Senate does not concern itself with it, the Negro voters will know, what they have for some time increasingly suspected, that the spirit of Father Abraham no longer lingers in the Republican camp. And they will cast their votes elsewhere.

When the Dyer bill was being debated in the House no one, not even Mr. Henry of Texas, who is now campaigning for the Senate upon the basis of his membership in the Ku Klux Klan, dared to justify the practice of lynching. Opposition was confined to attacks upon the constitutionality of the proposed law which makes it a Federal crime for a State officer to neglect to take reasonable measures to prevent lynching and imposes a $10,000 fine on any county in which a lynching occurs. The bill was said to destroy the last shred of the sovereignty of the several States. And Southern Congressmen became greatly exercised over such an extension of the power of the Federal Government, which, they said, "would tend to destroy that sense of local responsibility . . . from which . . . alone protection and governmental efficiency can be secured among free peoples"! Unfortunately, opposition on constitutional grounds has not been confined to Southern Congressmen. The constitutionality of the Dyer bill, while vouched for by no less an authority than Mr. Moorfield Storey, former president of the Americal Bar Association, has been questioned by disinterested journals and individuals whose abhorrence of the crime of lynching cannot be doubted.

The position of these sincere opponents of the measure may be briefly stated. "Lynching," they say, "is a crime under the laws of the State within which it is committed. It is a matter wholly of State concern and there is no authority in the Constitution for Federal interference with the administration of the criminal law of the States." If each lynching were to be considered as a separate and isolated affair, there might be much to be said for such a position. But lynching cannot be considered as sporadic and isolated. It is an institution in many States, and it is an institution, broadly speaking, aimed against Negroes. Its purpose is to maintain what is called white supremacy and to keep the Southern Negro in a definitely inferior position. Those who doubt need but glance through the records of the 3,470 lynchings since 1889, published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The matter is susceptible of demonstration and has been demonstrated in far clearer and more convincing form than the great bulk of conclusions about human affairs. Here, then, we have an institution discriminating in the very safety of their lives against eleven million citizens of the United States.

It is unthinkable that the United States is powerless to deal with such a situation. Indeed, the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution forbids any State to "deny to any persons within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and expressly gives to Congress the "power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article." Nor can it be argued that the Fourteenth Amendment was not intended to apply to discriminations against the Negro race. It was adopted at the conclusion of the Civil War with the knowledge that the South would bitterly resent and resist clothing the Negro with the rights of citizenship and it was intended to apply to just such discriminations.

But in spite of these constitutional provisions, there is still another objection. It is earnestly and sincerely argued that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids discriminations by the States, whereas lynchings are perpetrated by mobs of individuals against whom the officers of the State are powerless. Let us examine this argument. The Supreme Court in *ex parte* Virginia has said: "Whoever, by virtue of public position under a State government . . . denies or takes away the equal protection of the laws, violates the constitutional inhibition; and as he acts in the name and for the State, and is clothed with the State's power, his act is that of the State." In Home Tel. and Tel. Co. *vs.* Los Angeles, the court held that under the Fourteenth Amendment the Federal judiciary has power to redress a wrong done by a State officer misusing the authority of the State with which he is clothed.

But, it is said, in the case of lynching the State authorities do not act at all. How can the State discriminate when it merely remains passive? The answer, of course, is plain. Time and time again Negroes are taken from the custody of State officers without any serious resistance and are lynched. In case after case the leaders of the mob are known, but no criminal prosecution is instituted against them. The simple facts are that officers make all reasonable efforts to protect their prisoners except against mobs bent on lynching a Negro, and that murder in the South is punished as vigorously as elsewhere, except when murder takes the form of lynching. Who, having regard for reality, will deny that in such a situation the protection of the laws is not equal—that indeed for one class of citizens it does not exist at all? And who will say that this situation does not imperil the Negro's very safety of life as greatly as would an act of the State legislature legalizing the practice? To say that the State is not responsible because its officers take only a negative part in lynchings is to reduce logic to an absurdity.

Yet that is the logical nub on which the argument against the constitutionality of the Dyer bill turns. Lynching is a horror which disgraces us alone among civilized nations. Such sadistic orgies as we have witnessed in the last three weeks in Texas, in Georgia, and in Arkansas would be impossible in any of the European countries or the smaller Caribbean nations toward which we assume such a lofty attitude. In this period nine Negroes have been murdered by mobs in Texas alone, four of them burned alive, the majority of them probably being innocent of any crime but that of being a Negro. Before those who oppose the Dyer bill undertake to deny to the Federal Government the power to deal with this grisly business, let them reconsider their logic in the light of the realities which confront us. It is the first and the most elemental function of a government to protect human life—and no barriers of legalistic quibbling should prevent our abolishing the supreme anachronism of civilization.

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Education and Dogmatism

WHEN the Advisory Council appointed by the Commissioner of Education to investigate New York school teachers is generally condemned by university professors and the press and denounced by the city Board of Education, when it is helpless before one courageous teacher who defies its power, when its own members are constrained to explain it as a protection for the teachers against suspicion rather than as the defense of the schools against bolshevism, it is evident that liberal papers like *The Nation* need not waste their ammunition on a stricken foe. But the discrediting of the Advisory Council does not of itself remove the Lusk laws from the statute books. While these laws stand, the State of New York will be convicted of utter failure to appreciate the importance and dignity of the educational process.

In times like ours, when hopes of sudden social reformation are somewhat discredited, the stock recourse of the optimist is to education as a kind of cure-all. Yet he rarely analyzes the nature of the process in which he puts his trust. Education as an organized function of society is essentially a conservative process whereby one generation seeks to pass on to the next its own ideals and standards. Only a society profoundly discontented with itself or already revolutionary in outlook will deliberately employ education for social reconstruction. One generation may seek to make the next more competent in walking the old paths; it will not deliberately encourage its successor to blaze out new trails. Religious dogmatism, racial and national pride, class feeling, economic interest, all act as educational censors. The prophet must expect to work without the walls of the educational structure. He will be fortunate if his own liberty of conscience is respected. Mr. Bryan the other day put the matter bluntly: "The hand that pays the check rules the school." That is true, and the rule thus set up is by no means always designedly selfish. A capitalist order uses the schools consciously and unconsciously to strengthen capitalism; the communists of Russia use the schools to strengthen communism. Emma Goldman criticizes them for it, but even an anarchist society, we suspect, would find a way—especially in the experimental stages of its existence—to keep education out of the hands of its bourgeois and socialist opponents. Men dedicate themselves to freedom when their cause is oppressed but what they love is not freedom but "truth," that is, their conception of truth, which they believe it is their duty to impose on society.

It is not the abstract conviction that truth is mighty and must prevail which has broadened the area of freedom in teaching but a balance of power between rival schools of thought, or the growth of a comparative indifference to ancient controversies. Indifference to Mr. Bryan's orthodoxy rather than opposition to dogmatism in general was responsible for the widespread rebuke of his attempt to reintroduce a literal interpretation of the Bible as a norm to which teachers in public institutions must conform. Today scarcely more than in the Middle Ages are we agreed that the main business of education is not to teach men what to think but to teach them how to think. Yet it is not too much to say that our hope of growing out of a quarrelsome racial childhood wherein we amuse ourselves with the means of our own destruction is a growing conviction that it is our task not to impose dogmas upon, but to stimulate thought within, the rising generation.

While, therefore, we may not expect any society deliberately to employ its keenest critics as its teachers, we must work—if we have any concern for the future—for a conception of the teacher's function and of education utterly at variance with the espionage imposed by the Lusk laws upon teachers. In spite of the conservative tendency of organized education it is possible to insist on an increasing measure of emancipation of the teacher from bondage to imposed creed or special interest. The supreme loyalty society ought to require of him is to objective fact and to the integrity of the intellectual process in those whom he teaches. When facts are not easily found or scientifically demonstrable and opinion becomes important—as in philosophy, economics, and social interpretation—it is by no means desirable that a teacher should be neutral or colorless but only that he should present his ideas and his reasons for them on their merits rather than seek to impose them by authority. This, we repeat, is an ideal not easily reached by the individual and alien to the instincts of established social institutions. Yet a generation like our own which is disillusioned about many old dogmas, dimly aware of catastrophic danger ahead, and partly taught by experience to respect the search for truth, may increasingly be persuaded to separate education from dogmatism and in so doing release capacities for constructive action upon which the next generation must depend for its escape from disaster.

Safe for Simplicity

ONE way to make the world safe for simplicity, it seems, is to keep the past as simple as a fairy tale. Let us begin with the children. Suppose they should hear that John Hancock, believing the import duties of his time unjust, imported goods without the knowledge of the revenue officers and so made himself a smuggler. Suppose they should ask what a smuggler is and should be told that a smuggler is a bad man who brings goods into a country without confiding the fact to the officials. Suppose they should then conclude that John Hancock was a bad man and should not understand why he should be called a good one. Or suppose the same inquiring youngsters should hear that at the battle of Bunker Hill the Americans, plucky as was the resistance they offered to the British charge, were finally driven out of their trenches and left the hill in sad confusion. Suppose they should ask what a military defeat is and should be told that one occurs when an army is driven from the place where it has made a deliberate stand against the enemy. Suppose they should then conclude that the Americans were defeated at Bunker Hill and should not understand why the battle should not be called an American defeat. For fear the children might come to these dangerous conclusions, let us not tell them that John Hancock was a smuggler and let us tell them that Bunker Hill was a glorious victory. Let us make them good Americans by lying to them.

By processes hardly more complicated than these various patriotic groups are just now persuading themselves that the history taught in the public schools must be revised. A few years ago the same groups, or others not very different from them, having other purposes in mind, demanded

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that the children be taught to look upon George III as a German king; or thought they should be told something about the lamentable showing of the untrained Americans during the War of 1812 as a lesson in preparedness. These patriots, as might be expected, lay their chief stress upon military episodes. But this is nothing like so ominous as the attitude they take toward the truth itself. Bear in mind that they are not thinking about the immense difficulty of arriving at the truth through all the obstacles which surround it; they are thinking about the ways of dealing with truths which we already have. And their methods are remarkably direct. If the truth offend you, pluck it out and cast it from you. What is a little thing like the truth among friends?

Even if such dishonesty were nothing more, it would still be bad policy. For instance, it breeds a false admiration for the past and a needless cynicism as regards the present. Children see their elders calmly breaking the prohibition laws in those neighborhoods where the laws are disapproved, but they fail to learn that Hancock and his contemporaries broke other unpopular laws in the same fashion. Thus they fall into the heroic fallacy, look about for other Hancocks of this sort, do not find them, and lose half the advantage of testing the present by the past. If they are given too simple a version of Bunker Hill they miss something which is inspiriting as well as edifying. For that battle, though a technical defeat, was as good as a victory to the courage of the colonists. They had found that their raw platoons could acquit themselves with credit though opposed with twice their number of some of the best soldiers in the world. The spirit which eventually achieved the Revolution had displayed itself. It could endure a retreat. Surely the children of the twentieth century, who are meant to share the spirit, not to fight the battle, can endure to hear that the retreat followed the encounter.

And there are larger aspects of policy than these to be considered. Is the world made safe for simplicity when children are told that it has been simple and are thereby led to feel that it ought to be simple still? On the whole, perhaps as much suffering has been caused by the hunt for a false kind of simplicity as by any other single element in the moral life of mankind. That hunt has been a breeder and continuer of endless wars between nations in each of which the people have seen their particular current conflict as essential strife between black and white, good and bad, high and low. That hunt has been back of all the wars of religion, wherein virtuous men and women have been willing to commit any enormity over some point of doctrine upon which they have believed that differing parties should see simply, eye to eye. That hunt has instigated the tyrannies of majorities and has prolonged injustices of the grossest sorts and has suggested snobbishness and ostracism and pogrom and lynching. In actual life such simplicity never quite exists, though so violently pursued; but in history as written for the young it exists to a degree that makes half of what they learn only about half as true as it might be. Having been taught that history is simple melodrama, they expect each new political campaign and each new war to follow those easy lines. They do more than expect it: as they grow older, they demand it. So the bitter hunt for false simplicity goes on. And meanwhile the plain truth, for which there are some good things to be said, is cuffed about by every partisan hand.

Regulating Unions

SAMUEL UNTERMYER recently took the public into his confidence as to the basic features of the measures to curb union labor abuses which he hopes the New York Legislature will enact at its next session. He insists that he is concerned to strengthen the labor unions in their righteous endeavors to serve the cause of the workers; he would expressly reserve to them the right to strike; but he would have the State form a commission to supervise their activities. Every union must apply to it for a license which will be granted provided that its constitutions and by-laws "contain nothing contrary to the public policy." The commission is also authorized to hear and to remedy complaints of unjust practices. Appeal may be taken to the courts.

Mr. Untermyer has uncovered labor-union practices in the building trades which are in the highest degree unsocial. Nevertheless it is our conviction that his remedy would be worse even than the disease of Brindellism. Let us suppose the commission to be in existence. Before it would come those unions which arbitrarily limit the number of apprentices, charge excessive dues, impose an extortionate permit system upon non-members, and penalize efficiency. Most of them are conservative in theory. Their constitutions would seem to any commission quite unexceptionable. There would also come the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the most constructive and socially serviceable of our unions. Its constitution is radical. It declares:

> The industrial and inter-industrial organization, built upon the solid rock of clear knowledge and class-consciousness, will put the organized working-class in actual control of the system of production, and the working-class will then be ready to take possession of it.

It takes no prophet nor the son of a prophet to tell which union would find trouble in obtaining a license because its constitution contains a theory "contrary to public policy."

There is nothing in the history of American commissions or courts to warrant labor in trusting them with supervisory powers. From the Supreme Court down, from the Hitchman case to the decisions of the lowest magistrate in the coal regions, the tendency of the courts has been to act as the effective agents of the employing class. Mr. Untermyer's plan presupposes that the state is neutral in industrial conflicts and can administer justice according to generally accepted standards. The state is not neutral in labor matters and there are no generally accepted standards for courts or commissions to impose in the industrial struggle. Long before Karl Marx, Harrington wrote: "The distribution of power follows the distribution of property." Inevitably the state as an engine of power is to a greater or less degree the servant of those who own property.

For these reasons we agree with Mr. Gompers in his opposition to Mr. Untermyer's plan. We do not agree with Mr. Gompers in his apparent belief that the unsocial practices of labor unions must be left to right themselves by the slow working of time. On the contrary, we believe that inefficiency and oppression by labor unions menaces our whole civilization only in less degree than inefficiency and oppression by the employing class. The final cure lies beyond the realm of courts and legislatures. It lies in the direction of the reorganization of industry on the basis of a cooperative rather than of an acquisitive society.

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The Republic of Brown Bros.

AMERICAN imperialism is no new birth. In some form it goes back to our earliest history; and almost precisely what has happened in Haiti and Santo Domingo in the past six years happened a dozen years ago in Nicaragua. Upon these three republics we have forced ruinous loans, making "free and sovereign" republics the creatures of New York banks, and in all three the armed forces of the United States have been used to put down the attempts of the people to free themselves, and to rivet fast American financial control. The men who do the dirty work have seldom known for whom they were working; they believed that they were performing an honest police duty.

The ordinary American citizen has not even been aware that we were conquering these countries, far less that we were doing so in the interest of small groups of bankers. The people can easily follow the movement of a regiment across the border into a neighboring country, but it knows little of the movements of the navy out of sight across the sea. It had no chance to advise about, to consent or not to consent to, our invasion of Haiti, of Santo Domingo, or of Nicaragua. Three successive administrations in Washington have given good evidence that they feared the verdict of the people as represented in Congress, for they made war without consulting that body. The Senate repeatedly refused to ratify the Knox-Castrillo convention regarding the financial subjection of Nicaragua, and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty was ratified in 1916 only because it disguised its real purpose behind the appearance of purchase of canal rights, and because it was shoved through at a time when all eyes were turned to Europe.

The case of Nicaragua, set forth by Mr. Turner in *The Nation* last week and this week in our International Relations Section, is particularly significant. We have been in Nicaragua long enough to see how the policy of financial imperialism works. Its beginnings there were more disguised than in Haiti and Santo Domingo. President Zelaya, whom we deposed in 1909, was in fact a bloody tyrant; law and order hardly existed; two Americans—members of a revolutionary army themselves—had been killed. All the common excuses for assuming the "white man's burden" were there. But, as usually happens, we imposed a greater burden upon the darker-skinned race than we assumed. We threw out one tyrant; we became tyrants as little considerate of Nicaragua's interest as the reprobate we expelled. For "we" came to mean not the American people as a whole, but a small group of bankers—Brown Bros. and Co., and J. and W. Seligman. The documents published in the International Relations Section this week show the State Department in Washington and the American Minister in Managua acting as private agents for these bankers, using American marines when necessary to impose their will.

The first stage was to set up a Mixed Claims Commission, consisting of two Americans and one Nicaraguan, to pass upon all outstanding claims. Nicaragua hesitated; she was made to accept the commission on a plan dictated by Washington, and, after she had accepted it, to modify it in accordance with Mr. Knox's second thoughts, legalizing a series of scandalous lottery and other concessions which had been canceled. A promise of a loan of $15,000,000 was dangled before her eyes; she was induced to name Brown Bros. to represent her in dealings with foreign bond-holders, whereupon they lent her one million dollars for one year (of which she got little), guaranteed upon the customs. When a new President had the country under control, and Brown Bros.' candidate had almost been driven out, we took a hand and set him up again. Naturally, the process cost money. Brown Bros. made more loans, all small and on short terms, secured upon the railroad, which they soon forced the Government to sell to them at about one-half the cost of construction, although it was giving a very fair return upon that cost.

Among the foreign claims taken over by the bankers was the Ethelburga claim contracted by Zelaya in 1909 at 75. Part of it had been used to fund earlier debts, part brought to Nicaragua and wasted; $1,800,000 had been retained by the Ethelburga Syndicate in its coffers until it should be used for railroad construction—although the Syndicate collected interest on it. This sum also Brown Bros. succeeded in taking over, and used it to pay back their own advances to Nicaragua. The railroad has not yet been built. The bankers forced Nicaragua to establish as a Connecticut corporation the National Bank of Nicaragua, with an authorized capital of $5,000,000, of which only $100,000 was paid up, and they forced Nicaragua to pay $40,000 annually to its American officials, whom the bankers appointed. They "lent" money but retained it in their own hands, using it to establish a gold standard which nearly ruined Nicaraguan business. They successively absorbed administration of the customs, railroad, national bank, and internal revenues, leaving the Nicaraguan Government an empty figurehead. In all this our State Department, our Minister in Nicaragua, our naval forces actively cooperated. We had a sample only the other day. On May 22 a revolution broke out against Brown Bros.' extremely unpopular President of Nicaragua. The revolutionaries seized a fort overlooking the capital. Immediately the commander of the detachment of marines (we have kept them in Nicaragua since 1912) informed the revolutionaries that he would use his artillery on them if they persisted.

The record is clear. The question is, how often shall it be repeated in other countries? New York bankers are now negotiating a loan to Peru, and Peru's customs houses have gone under American supervision as a preliminary step. What financial bondage is being imposed upon Guatemala with Mr. Hughes's aid will appear in a later article in these pages. There are, or were, twenty independent republics to the south of us. Five at least—Cuba, Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua—have already been reduced to the status of colonies with at most a degree of rather fictitious self-government. Four more—Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, and Peru—appear to be in process of reduction to the same status. Mr. Hughes is not treating even Mexico as a sovereign, independent state. How far is this to go? Where is it to end? Is the United States to create a great empire in this hemisphere—an empire over which Congress and the American people exercise no authority, an empire ruled by a group of Wall Street bankers at whose disposal the State and Navy Departments graciously place their resources? These are questions which the people, the plain people whose sons die of tropic fever or of a patriot's bullet, have a right and a duty to ask, and it is their right and duty also to insist upon public and specific answers.

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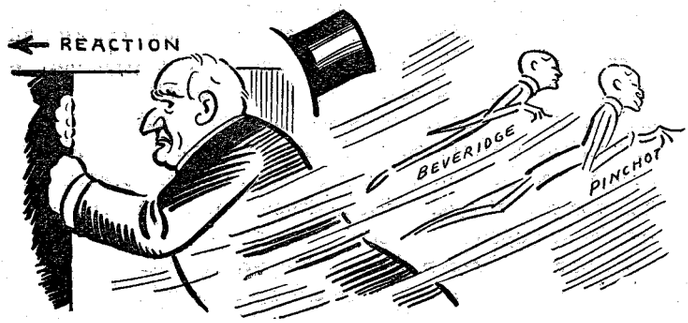
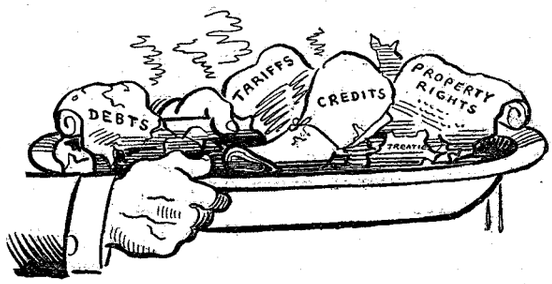
Looking On *by* Art Young

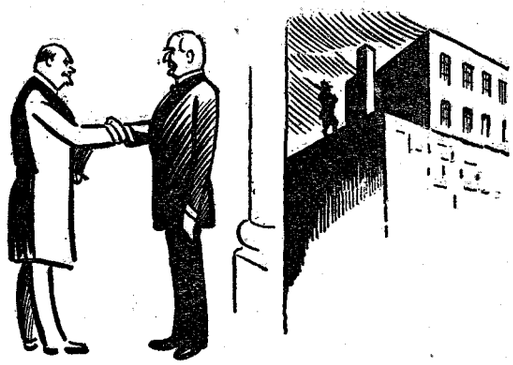


Straws which show the way the wind blows

THAT TERRIBLE STEW

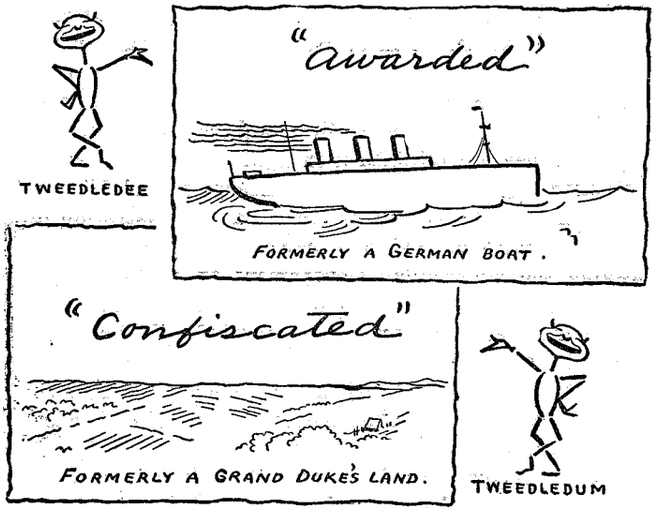


"Genoa passes it on to The Hague"



President Harding shakes hands with the new German Ambassador and full diplomatic relations are re-established. Why not shake hands with the 113 war prisoners still in jail and establish human relations all around?

IT ALL DEPENDS



TRAVELING AMONG THE SMALL NATIONS

American Imperialism: (To Mexico) "Before you make property laws you'd better consult us. Get me?"

To a leading lawyer of the village I expressed myself on the subject of war and militarism. I spoke particularly of the ex-soldiers sleeping in hallways and alleys of the cities—homeless and jobless.

"Oh!" said he, as if to dismiss the subject, "that happens after every war—it happened after the Civil War."

I was impressed as usual when reminded of a perfectly good precedent and a well-established custom.

What with Lord and Lady Astor and the steel magnates and playing golf and getting initiated into a new lodge, President Harding was just too busy to see the children of the political prisoners. Also he considered them "publicity seekers" and referred them to the Attorney General. No one would call Harry Daugherty a publicity seeker, but just now he seems to be achieving considerable publicity not of his seeking. What a pity the children's daddies haven't $25,000 apiece!

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The Storm at Genoa

By ROBERT DELL

Genoa, April 29

THE storm raised by the Russo-German treaty has now quite blown over, except in France, and the incident, which in the excitement of the moment was absurdly exaggerated, is now seen in its proper proportions. The official British point of view was from the first that the treaty in itself was harmless, but that the wrong time and place had been chosen for its signature. Lloyd George was thrown into a violent passion when it was announced that the treaty had been signed and quite lost his head. His first draft of the Allied note to Germany was more strongly worded than the note eventually sent and its modification was due to Italy, supported by Poland. Signor Schanzer definitely said that Italy would not sign the note in its original form, in which Germany was accused of "disloyalty." Where the disloyalty came in was not explained. Neither Germany nor Russia owes any "loyalty" to the Allies, and other countries, including Great Britain, have already made separate commercial and economic agreements with Russia. Germany had a perfect right to follow their example. Germany had long ago recognized the Russian Government and, on the political side, the treaty merely restored complete diplomatic relations, broken off since the assassination of Mirbach.

Moreover, as the French press remarked, it was quite illogical to blame Germany alone for signing the treaty. Lloyd George, of course, took that line to avoid compromising the negotiations with Russia, which are the primary business of the Conference. Having agreed not to discuss reparations, he recognized that the Conference could do little or nothing to solve the German problems and therefore did not mind risking a breach with Germany. Indeed, he showed his usual cleverness in inducing the French to sign a note by which Russia was in fact absolved. If the French had had their way, the treaty would have been made a pretext for breaking off discussion both with Germany and Russia and thus putting an end to the Conference at once.

The limitations of Lloyd George's cleverness were, however, shown in the incidents that led to the signature of the treaty. His method of getting out of one tight corner often lands him in another. In the present case he was outwitted by Barthou. The latter objected to taking part in the discussions of the sub-commission about Russian affairs until the Russian delegates had formally and explicitly accepted all the conditions of Cannes. Thereupon Lloyd George proposed a preliminary discussion between Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia on that point. As he might have anticipated, the secret discussions at the Villa Albertis became much more general and the whole question of an arrangement with Russia was soon being debated. Barthou had, in fact, achieved what had always been the French plan—that the Allied Powers should hold a preliminary discussion with Russia and decide the whole matter without consulting the Conference. Either they would fail to reach an agreement, and the matter would be finally dropped, or else they would make one which the other Powers would have to take or leave. The French wished Poland and the Powers of the Little Entente admitted to the discussion, but to that Lloyd George would not agree.

It is not surprising that the Germans became alarmed when they saw themselves excluded from the negotiations with Russia. Their alarm was increased when the Italian expert, Signor Giannini, informed Dr. Rathenau on Friday, April 14, that the discussions at the Villa Albertis had nearly reached an agreement. The terms of the Russo-German treaty had been settled at Berlin before the beginning of the Conference, but Dr. Rathenau had thought it better not to sign the treaty then, although the Russians wished to sign at once. Now he saw the possibility that the Allies would come to an agreement with Russia, perhaps inconsistent with some of the provisions of the treaty, and that Germany would be left out in the cold. Naturally, he felt that the only thing to do was to sign at once.

In my opinion Dr. Rathenau made a mistake in not entering a formal protest to Signor Facta, president of the Conference, against the secret negotiations at the Villa Albertis, before he signed the treaty. He appears to have warned Giannini that Germany would be obliged to come to an agreement with Russia, but that was not enough. He would have been supported in a formal protest by the majority of the Powers represented at the Conference, who were very indignant at the way in which the sub-commission for Russian affairs was being set aside. Mr. Branting and M. Motta, who represented Sweden and Switzerland, had already protested against the proceedings at the Villa Albertis. Dr. Rathenau might have put Germany in a strong position by taking the lead in a general protest.

There were thus mistakes on both sides, but the initial mistake was that of Lloyd George in agreeing, at Barthou's instigation, to the secret discussions at the Villa Albertis. If there was any "disloyalty" to the Conference, it was rather on the part of Britain, France, and Italy than of Germany and Russia. Nothing could have been more opposed to the spirit of Genoa than this substitution of what was in fact the old Supreme Council for the sub-commission duly appointed by the Conference to deal with the Russian question. It was aggravated when Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugoslavia were called in to continue the correspondence with Germany, although the latter two Powers are not represented on the Russian sub-commission, whereas Sweden and Switzerland, which are represented on that sub-commission, were not consulted.

There is no doubt that the British Government and Lloyd George had been fully informed about the Berlin negotiations and it must have known that a draft treaty between Germany and Russia had been prepared. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that it was at the request of the British Government that Dr. Rathenau decided not to sign the treaty before the Genoa Conference. He had good reason to resent the meetings at the Villa Albertis. After their experience in the Upper Silesian affair, the Germans could not feel complete confidence in Lloyd George. No doubt it was against his will that he let them down over Upper Silesia, but he did let them down and they could not feel sure that he would not let them down again. It is difficult to be sure of anything when dealing with a man who forgets what he did and said yesterday and does not consider what he is going to do or say tomorrow. Lloyd George complained that he was not informed of the German intention to sign the treaty if the discussions at the Villa Albertis continued. But that does not seem to have been entirely Dr. Rathenau's fault, for I understand that certain members of the British delegation were informed and neglected to communicate their information to Lloyd George.

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Reformatory—Misnomer

By DAVID S. GREENBERG

I WENT into a courtroom the other day, and out of four convicted criminals who came before the bar of justice to be sentenced I heard three of them, in giving their records to the clerk, state that they had served one or more terms in some reformatory. In my hands I held a newspaper in which there happened to be the story of John McHenry Rice written by himself. Rice was to be hanged in Washington, D. C., a few days later, for the murder of two men. He stated that at the age of eleven he was sent to a reformatory. Blaming only himself for his criminal tendencies he says of the reformatory: "They don't always make good boys at the reformatories—in fact they did not change my disposition to do wrong." Then I remember the story of Jack Mulraney, a very young man, who was about to die in the electric chair for killing a saloon-keeper. Before dying he made a statement in which he very convincingly accused the reformatory of starting him upon a criminal career and insisted that had the reformatory in which he got his first lessons in real crime been a different sort of place he would have been saved the anguish he was then enduring. It was not long after his death that the four gunmen of the Rosenthal murder case invaded the public notice. These four boys, too, had attended reformatory schools. Estimates of the number of criminals who have served apprenticeship in reformatories range from 50 to 90 per cent. As a reformative agency the reformatory is obviously negligible.

Does the reformatory make criminals out of children who might otherwise or through better methods be made into good citizens? Before answering this question directly, I want to call attention to an experiment by Professor Edgar James Swift. In a questionnaire he asked several hundred of the highest type of citizens—teachers, lawyers, doctors, and ministers—whether in their childhood they had committed crimes which if detected would have sent them to reformatories. Not only did most of them answer affirmatively, but many described serious crimes which they had committed not once but many times. The answers were unsigned. It makes one feel that almost every boy commits a crime at some time or other and that if only he can keep the fact a secret he saves himself from a criminal career.

The children's courts of New York City send children to reformatories for two reasons: First, for committing crime —juvenile delinquents; and, second, under what are termed special proceedings. Children who have themselves committed no crimes; boys and girls whose homes in the opinion of the court cannot give them the proper guardianship; children who are ungovernable and disorderly, whose parents through ignorance and weakness cannot control them; and children who play truant come under special proceedings. These children make the greater part of the number that come to the court and that are sent to the reformatory.

I have before me the annual report of a reformatory in the city of New York, reporting upon 4,650 children whom this institution released in a period of ten years from January 1, 1905, to September 30, 1915. It reports 1,381 of these former inmates as doing well, stating that by doing well is meant that some have gone into the army and navy and others are at work; but for the larger number the mere fact that their parole has expired puts them in the doing-well class. But as against 1,381 who are thought to be doing well, the reformatory reports 2,714 as *not* doing well and 555 as disappeared. This particular reformatory claims for itself less than 30 per cent success in the purpose for which it exists. Remember that half the boys and girls sent to this institution had not been arrested for crime. Taking the most liberal and beneficent view possible, since the vast majority of those reported as not doing well are now in jails and prisons, we can charge the reformatory with having turned more than 40 per cent of those boys who had committed no crimes into full-fledged criminals.

It is interesting to note the offenses which the boys who had been guilty had committed: injury to property (what boy hasn't carved his desk with his new jack-knife?), ringing false fire alarms (a serious matter to us, but not necessarily an indication of criminal tendencies), unlawful entry, and the more serious crimes of theft and burglary. Of these serious crimes, how many were provoked by bad home conditions, crises, and actual want? In 1907 there were brought to the children's courts of New York City some 17,000 children. A little more intelligence in handling, provisions for recreation, and similar advances have resulted in a steady decrease in the number of children brought to the courts, with the result that in 1921 only 10,445 children were arrested. This is an indication of what the reformatory might do if its attitude were changed and its methods improved.

From my own experience in handling thousands of all sorts of children as a teacher and a social worker, I am convinced that, given the proper attitude, the patience, and the brains, there is no such thing as a child who cannot be reformed. Some years ago I accepted a position in a reformatory as a teacher of the oldest boys in the school. My only qualification besides my knowledge of pedagogy was a belief that boys are just as good as they are bad. Six weeks after I had arrived at the school the principal left and, though inexperienced, I was asked to take the principalship. My success was due simply to the fact that I had discovered that these boys had a passion for the "square deal."

Unfortunately, just as the boys loved those of us who, they realized, were their friends, so they detested more than ever those who for various reasons abused them. The result was that those who believed in punishment and severe discipline, those who believed in beating the boys, the advocates of the old reactionary methods, found themselves the losers and deliberately set themselves to destroy whatever we accomplished. Conditions became intolerable and I appealed to the board of directors, a group of men in and about Wall Street who directed this institution simply because they donated money to its maintenance. These men, a few of them, invited me to their offices. With me came the superintendent and the five teachers who supported me. I set forth very serious charges. I spoke of immorality, of cottage fathers arriving drunk and beating boys, offered to help an investigator find these facts, and went back with the promise that an investigation would be made.

But Wall Street men have more important interests than

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that of the welfare of a lot of little thieves. It was hardly worth an important man's time. I received a letter begging me to patch the matter up with the superintendent. I insisted upon an investigation, but rather than take the necessary time the board of directors accepted our resignations. I have since visited many other reformatories, and found that most of them were worse.

What is wrong with the reformatory? To begin with the reformatory is based upon the fallacy that punishment prevents and cures crime. The reformatory takes the position that by making the boy miserable while he is there he will so hate the institution that he will avoid ever doing anything that will send him back there; yet boys are constantly coming back, some of them as many as ten times. When a boy reaches maturity and commits another crime, he then goes to prison.

It must be admitted that however deserving of punishment we may consider a boy to be, we can hardly expect him to love us for punishing him. Hating the institution and those who run it, the boy is not apt to become a disciple of the brand of goodness which officials offer him or the institution represents. The more he hates the institution and its officials the more he loves and admires those boys who are able to thwart the will of the institution. The boy who steals under the nose of his guard, the boy who "puts one over" on some hated official, the boy who can brag of having done successfully that which the institution would censure him for doing becomes the model worthy of emulation. Thus boys who are not really criminally inclined, soon acquire the criminal attitude.

The boy who does wrong lacks the proper experience to enable him to get along in a free society. To teach him how to live in a free society we send him to a reformatory where he becomes a slave. If you would teach your boy to play the piano and to love music, force him to rub clothes daily on a wash-board. That is reformatory logic.

But there is an even more direct way in which the reformatory with its belief in punishment teaches crime. The food the boys get is of the simplest sort. The food that is cooked in the same kitchen for the help, though none too good, is much better than that which is given to the boys. The sight of this better food arouses their desires for it and many a lesson in expert pilfering these boys get when their desires are aroused to a high pitch. Not getting enough of the food that healthy boys desire, one constantly hears of burglarized store rooms, and the distraction of the officials is amusing.

There is not a reformatory in the world that is not constantly worried by runaways. Some of the boys who run away succeed in keeping away. But whether they succeed or not each attempt is a perfect lesson in expert criminality. When a boy decides to try to run away the other boys help him. Clothes are left at convenient places, and the boy lowers himself from a window at night by a rope which he has made from his bed sheets. How well this lesson helps him later in his criminal career! When he fails he only learns how not to fail next time, and the thrill of his experience he never forgets.

Every boy, no matter what his bad habits or the reason for which he was committed to the institution, receives the very same treatment. Think of a hospital treating 600 children suffering from fifty different diseases with the same medicine! The reformatory has no program whatever for its supposed work of reformation, because it believes that by punishing its charges it is serving its purpose.

A man gets to be the superintendent of a reformatory never because he is a sociologist or a criminologist. He gets his position through political pull at a salary not to be scoffed at. If he is of a high type, his being there is often an accident and the chances are that he will not be there long. In any event his remaining depends entirely upon his ability to keep down expenses. Just as he buys the cheapest meat he can get, so he hires the cheapest help. Those who go to work at a reformatory, whether to do or teach plumbing or as cottage parents or teachers, accept their jobs because they failed to get them elsewhere. They are unhappy while they are there because they have unreasonably long hours for very little money at work which requires infinite patience—which they haven't got.

When the public finally realizes how dearly it is paying for its indifference to the reformatory, when politicians realize that it would be worth while to increase even tenfold the cost of running reformatories if thereby we might cut down by one-tenth the cost of courts and prisons, we shall have started upon the road to the real prevention of crime.

Contributors to This Issue

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, poet, story-teller, and critic, about whose work there has been the widest range of opinion, has just published a volume of verse and prose called "Introducing Irony."

JAMES RORTY, one of the winners of *The Nation's* Poetry Prize for 1920, has been living in California for the past year.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is a critic, a parodist, a poet, and a man of business who has devoted much of his energy to interpreting the recent modes of American literature.

AMY LOWELL has been the principal spokesman of the Imagists as well as an Imagist poet herself; she is also a critic and translator interested in American, English, French, Japanese, and Chinese literature.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN, of Vermont, is a poet, essayist, and novelist at present connected with the staff of *The World Tomorrow*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, is now professor of economics in Wellesley.

BEN RAY REDMAN is a young writer of satire and criticism who has several times contributed to *The Nation*. He was in the air service during the war.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH is an artist and explorer of large experience, and the principal authority on the Colorado Canyon and River.

H. A. OVERSTREET is professor of philosophy in the College of the City of New York.

WALTER F. WHITE is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

EVANS CLARK is a director of The Labor Bureau and an expert in American labor affairs.

J. W. KRUTCH is a young critic who regularly reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

ARTHUR ELOESSER, for many years director of the Lessing Theater, is the author of many volumes of dramatic criticism concerned primarily with French literature.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, professor of English in Bryn Mawr, is spending the year in European travel and study.

DAVID S. GREENBERG is a social worker, and ROBERT DELL and NATHANIEL PEFFER are old correspondents of *The Nation*.

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Behind the Scenes in Siberia

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

IN the proceedings at Washington between November, 1921, and February, 1922, of the Conference on Limitation of Armaments and Pacific and Far Eastern Problems there was established a "moral trusteeship" over Russia, including Siberia. Siberia was, it is true, left under occupation by alien invading troops, but that was considered a minor matter in view of the larger aspects of the moral trusteeship. Let us see then in what manner the trusteeship may be expected to be executed, as adduced from the spirit that animated at least one of the trustees at the very time when the wings of benevolent protection were being spread. Let us see also whether or not the Siberian people must be considered ingrates if, unappreciative of the guardianship of their benefactors, they chafe at their continued subjection to search, arrest, beating, and imprisonment by a matter of 50,000 Japanese troops or so—especially as Japan is one of the trustees.

A little direct evidence comes to hand. Far Eastern papers bring news of an incident that throws much light on affairs in Siberia while Siberia was being discussed at the Conference. I give the gist of the incident as taken from the investigations made in Siberia by Frederick McCormick, an American publicist who has had contacts with the Far East for twenty years or more. As Mr. McCormick may be called anti-Japanese I am giving not his personal conclusions on the evidence but the evidence itself as found in documents.

On October 23 last year Major F. M. Clarke, an American who is chairman of the technical section of the Inter-Allied Railway Committee, which has functioned in Siberia since 1919, was searched in his private car practically as a prisoner, though as an American official under appointment by the State Department he is accounted to have diplomatic immunity. Major Clarke was returning from an inspection trip in Manchuria. A short distance from the Manchurian border two special cars with Japanese military officers and troops were awaiting him. At Pogranitchnaia on the Ussuri Railway they sandwiched Major Clarke's car between theirs and, thus surrounded, Major Clarke proceeded. At Nikolsk there was waiting meanwhile a special train from Vladivostok bearing Colonel Bogoslovsky of the Vladivostok Government and a military party of twenty officers and men. When the train with Major Clarke's car ran on a siding near Nikolsk, the Russian train drew up alongside. Major Clarke's car was surrounded and boarded by a party of armed Russians and Major Clarke was put under virtual arrest. The Russians ordered Major Clarke to submit to search. He refused, except in the presence of the American consul at Vladivostok. Colonel Bogoslovsky was afraid to use force and allowed the train to proceed to Vladivostok, putting a guard on Major Clarke's car with instructions to watch him even at his toilet. At Vladivostok in the presence of the American consul (of that consul more later) and Captain Richardson of the U. S. S. Albany Major Clarke's car was searched and he himself was undressed and searched by a Russian officer. Nothing incriminating was found and a statement was drawn up so affirming.

Not a serious incident, it may be said; and it is not, taken by itself. It becomes more serious when considered against its diplomatic background and in its relation to circumstances that have the accompaniments of an E. Phillips Oppenheim episode. First as to the background. Since the Allied evacuation of Siberia, American officials in Siberia have been the principal source of information for the English-speaking world, indeed for all the Western world, as to the activities of the Japanese occupation. There have been almost no official representatives of other countries. These American officials have nearly all been of the various railway boards, men like Major Clarke. Their presence has been the most serious embarrassment the Japanese have had. It is the most serious embarrassment the Japanese have now. It compels them to restrain themselves or at least to proceed circumspectly and slowly. For the Japanese to have complete immunity, to have perfect freedom of action to prosecute their enterprises in Siberia the Americans of the railway boards must be cleared out by one means or another or else they must be intimidated or irredeemably discredited.

Furthermore, argument need no longer be employed to prove that the so-called Merkulov Government in Vladivostok is a Japanese creation and a Japanese organ. I do not think that even the Japanese deny it any longer. Japanese armed force put the Merkulov Government in power. Only Japanese force keeps it in power now, and in spite of that it is crumbling. And Japanese military officers have dictated to the Merkulov Government what course it shall pursue.

Now for the circumstances surrounding the Clarke incident. Here the documents enter. The first document is a letter from Simmamoto, captain in the office of the Japanese General Staff in Siberia, to S. D. Merkulov, head of the government of that name. It is written June 21, 1921, shortly after Merkulov was lifted to power on Japanese shoulders. The Japanese state clearly and without delay what are their expectations. The documents are given as translated.

> Japanese Command supposes that the chief of the Administrative Section [the Russian intelligence department] will be kind enough to keep on communicating regularly in future, in order that there would not be any misunderstanding in the mutual work.

The nature of the mutual work is soon indicated. In a letter from the office of the Japanese General Staff in Siberia to V. F. Ivanov, Minister of Home Affairs, dated June 23 and earmarked for the information of Merkulov, there is the following opening statement:

> Am communicating for your information a list of American agents who are sympathizing with the Bolshevik-Communist Party and assisting realization of the communistic ideas in Pre-Amur [the maritime province].

The American officials then cited are C. H. Smith, chairman of the Inter-Allied Railway Committee and, as the letter says, unofficial diplomatic representative of the United States; Major Lively, chief of the liquidation committee of the American Red Cross; and Major Clarke. Mr. Smith is accused of "working in friendly contact with Colonel Zavoiko, a friend also of Shatov and Koshevnikov." Major

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Lively is accused of delivering to the Workers Red Cross medical supplies for the Red forces and of making a trip to see Krasnoschekov, one of the Far Eastern Republic officials at Chita, for secret diplomatic negotiations. Major Clarke is called a "friend of all Bolsheviks." Two more letters that follow make additional charges against Americans in general. One presses the Vladivostok Government not to conclude favorably negotiations then in progress for the use by the Americans of the radio station in the Bay of Voevoda. This letter says in part:

As for the restraint of American soldiers and sailors it is possible to apply armed Russian force. Be kind enough to communicate for his information to the commandant of Russian Island through the commander of the troops, General Versjbitsky, about the possibility of applying of arms for the restoration of order and maintaining of prestige.

The second letter follows:

According to the information received by us [Japanese General Staff] American sailors are agitating among the officers and soldiers who arrived on the S. S. Franz Ferdinand from India. The sailors seem to be subsidized with money by persons interested in this. Japanese Command proposes that the Administrative Section will dispatch its agents to the neighborhood of the radio station and by a line of scandals will discredit the Americans before public opinion.

The preliminaries thus being completed, the Japanese proceed to give the Russians their cue for definite action. On September 16 Colonel Asano, chief of the Japanese intelligence department in Siberia, writes thus to Ivanov, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs:

According to information of Japanese railway section Major Clarke must have meeting with representatives of R. C. P. [Russian Communist Party] Osolin and Grigoriev. Very probable this meeting would disclose interesting results provided surveillance being established over Major Clarke. Japanese Command proposes that you will not refuse in corresponding order to Colonel Bogoslovsky and Boolakhov.

On October 19 Colonel Asano writes Ivanov as follows:

Referring to your letter for September 28, 1921, once more am communicating for your information that Japanese Command are never using non-examined information. Connection of Major Clarke with the Communists, also his friendship with Shatov and Koshevnikov, is established long ago.

The commander of the Imperial Japanese Forces in Siberia proposes that you will certainly agree with our arguments and will follow in your actions according our instructions in connection with the search of Major Clarke's car.

Three days later Major Okiama, who signs himself "of main office Japanese Expeditionary Corps," writes to Ivanov more pointedly. He says:

According to information received by us American representative chairman technical section Inter-Allied Railway Committee Major Clarke received in Harbin from F. E. R. [Far Eastern Republic] Osolin a secret code for communication of R. C. P. [Russian Communist Party] and several letters addressed to local party leaders. Colonel Asano would propose that you will find it necessary to issue an order for search of Major Clarke's car. Japanese Command proposes that the search will disclose voluminous material. Would be desirable to see Colonel Boolakhov and to give him additional information.

The Russians took the repeated hints. On October 23 the search took place, as already narrated, and the "voluminous material" was not found. But the affair did not end there. Information came to Major Clarke that impelled him to appeal to the American consulate and the U. S. S. Albany, then in port at Vladivostok, for protection. His car was being watched by Japanese, he was being shadowed, and he received information that his life was in danger. He formally notified the American consul, who visited him in his car at the railway yards and then asked him to take up his residence at the consulate. This was on October 26. His private car was moved to the dock alongside the Albany and a guard of United States marines placed over it. This was on October 29. Another set of documents is evidence that Major Clarke's fears were not groundless. As a matter of fact, he was being kept informed by Russians in the secret service who were not enamored of the Japanese or their Siberian official tools. This set of documents is an exchange of telegraphic communications between General Tachibana, commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, and General Okiama, chief of the General Staff in Tokio.

From General Tachibana to General Okiama, October 25:

No. 2316-2266, dispatched 5:05 p. m. Code Soo.

Referring to mine 2306-2236 24/10, considering with view to reach the aim to take all steps to discredit Authority by accomplishing terroristical act toward a person mentioned by me in the event of 23/10 according report to you 471-15 D9 (letters General Fukuda) negotiations completed by me with group of administrative officers of Authority.

The date of the searching of Major Clarke was 23/10, it will be remembered.

From General Tachibana, in Vladivostok, to General Okiama, in Tokio, October 26, the next day:

No. 2320-2250, CC, dispatched 3:20 p. m.

Re my 2316-2266 CC code-Soo, needed prompt decision of the question.

From General Okiama, in Tokio, to General Tachibana in Vladivostok, October 27:

No. 798-E-18 CC, dispatched 12:25 p. m. Tokio.

Yours 2316-2266, 2320-2250-CC Soo. Report premium, trustfulness of people accomplishing, guaranty of execution.

From General Tachibana in Vladivostok to General Okiama in Tokio, October 28:

No. 2234-2264-CC, dispatched 10:10 a. m. Yours 798-E-10-CC. Soo.

Premium fifteen thousand. Those concerned are known as trustful executors of my previous requests. Guaranty based on above mentioned.

From General Okiama in Tokio to General Tachibana in Vladivostok, October 29:

No. 806-E-10-CC, dispatched 12:30 p. m. Tokio. Yours 2334-2264-Soo, CC.

Advise promptly the character of the event viewed by you.

No Sherlock Holmes is needed to solve these cabalistics. The Japanese have prodded their Russian dependents into making a search of an American official embarrassing to them. They have done so on the ground that he is a Bolshevik sympathizer. The search is carried out by Russians, thus being a purely Russian affair as Americans would see it, the Japanese appearing on the surface clear of any connection with it. The search is a failure. Nothing is discovered. No charge can be made against the American that will discredit him so far that his Government will have to recall him. What next? The Japanese commander in Siberia telegraphs to his commander in Japan two days after the fruitless search asking for instructions, and he

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talks of "terroristical act." The next day he telegraphs for a prompt decision, that being the day the American consul comes to talk to Major Clarke about his personal safety. The prompt decision is a request for information as to "premium" and the trustfulness of the "people accomplishing" and their "guaranty of execution." To this the representative in Vladivostok replies that the premium is 15,000 and that those concerned can be trusted because they have carried out previous requests. Simultaneously Major Clarke hears that his life is in danger. But by that time Major Clarke is in the consulate and his car is under the shadow of American guns. The inference may be susceptible of a reasonable doubt but not a very robust one.

The Japanese Foreign Office has, of course, made official denial of the whole incident. But the Japanese Foreign Office always makes denials, and experience has taught us that Japanese government denials are worthless. Besides, it is not the Japanese Foreign Office that is being accused now; it is the General Staff, about whose doings the Foreign Office never knows anything.

Now a word as to the American consul in Vladivostok, who has hovered over these events. That official is D. B. MacGowan. From his own reports to the State Department on the incident it develops that he was cognizant of the Russians' intention to search Major Clarke and gave his consent. He consented also to withholding all warning to Major Clarke, a fellow-official of the United States Government. He does so on the vague allegation of Merkulov, the head of a government that everybody knows to be Japanese-owned, that Major Clarke is helping the Bolsheviki. He notifies neither the embassy in Tokio to which he is responsible, nor the State Department direct of his action until the search takes place and turns out to be fruitless. Then after the event he makes his report and sternly demands an apology from Merkulov, as well the evidence on which his charge was based.

Behavior as extraordinary as this might perhaps be dismissed as a minor indiscretion by a consular officer if it were not for the fact that Mr. MacGowan is well known by Americans in the Far East to have committed such indiscretions before, indiscretions all running in the same direction. Mr. MacGowan's attitude to other Americans in Siberia, as well as to Russians, has not been without reference to their position for or against the White Russians. To those who have favored the White counter-revolutionaries he has extended a large philosophical charitableness of judgment; to those who have been against counter-revolutionaries, especially counter-revolutionaries who do not stop at the betrayal of Siberia to an alien invader, he has applied rigid standards of judgment. And Major Clarke, like most Americans in Siberia and elsewhere in the Far East, has no love for the breed of counter-revolutionaries, who from Semionov to Merkulov are all tarred with the Japanese brush. So Major Clarke, an American official, is submitted to a humiliating detention and personal search, with the knowledge if not the connivance of the American consul, on charges so flimsy that the head of the accusing Government is forced to apologize for presenting them. In prosecuting such a policy the American consul is not to be censured, however. He is only executing faithfully the spirit of the policy of his superiors in Washington: the Department of State, and in particular, the Russian Bureau of the Department of State.

In the Driftway

IN London, the Drifter hears, there is to be a new daily paper. The title and the promoters are a secret; but the *Outlook* publishes extracts from the advance notices, from which the Drifter, too, has made extracts. He offers them as an awful warning to his newspaper friends; they are indicative of the faults in British journalism; if the new sheet should become popular, there might even be a rustle of new leaves turning in these parts.

We think it an unnecessary tradition that journalists should write muddily, ungrammatically, and in a style never seen outside Salisbury Square. We therefore propose to employ as subeditors and newsmen only those who have a reasonable knowledge of their own tongue and can use it with (let us say, for a standard) the dexterity of a boy entering a public school. It should not be difficult to find a small number of men who would never consent to use the terms "striking coincidence" and "it gives furiously to think." To assist these men we shall universally apply the principle of not writing twice as much as it can stand about any subject, and of preferring a small and sensible paper to a large and vapid one. . . .

* * * * *

THE prospectus does not state that actual news columns are few compared with the columns of advertising. It does not even suggest omitting advertising—which the Drifter thinks of doing when he starts *his* newspaper. But the attitude of the new daily toward news is all that could be wished:

News is news, and we intend to give it as such. We shall make no attempt to interpret it to the environment of our stupider readers, in the manner of a substantial paper which, during the coal strike last year, called the strike inconvenient for making the typists take their spirit stoves on their holidays. We shall give you the news at its face value, in the belief that, if it is interesting, it will not become more so for our saying it is striking, amazing, fortuitous, terrible, or all the other dead and familiar epithets a thousand times over, and that if it is dull no flowery chit-chat will make it interesting. You will find no record of abortions, hideous vices, coincidences, lost men and women, or lunatics, as we cannot conceive of minds which find these things necessary ingredients of their daily food.

Our women's page will not be devoted wholly to domestic things, leavened by silly articles on Should Women Play Football? Women have demanded and earned their public place, and are therefore manifestly beyond reading only about complexions, saucepans, and underclothes. Nor shall we attempt to keep up for the men's benefit the elaborate pretense that football makes the world go round. . . . Until we discover someone who is capable of making a picture page somewhere within reach of the intelligence of a savage, we shall publish no pictures, for in the present state it is impossible that this side of journalism could appeal to a human being at all.

It will thus be seen that we have no novelties in our project, except this—that we intend producing a reasonable paper for reasonable people, a paper, in fact, that we ourselves might read.

* * * * *

NO one connected with the new journal, say the promoters, need expect to get rich. And this is well, for the Drifter suspects that the percentage of reasonable persons on this ridiculous, irresponsible whirligig we inhabit is not high. Maybe it would be safer at first to issue the new journal on alternate Thursdays. There might not be enough reason to support a daily.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Mr. Suydam and Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Note has been taken of the article on the Mexican policy of the United States in your issue of May 24, in which certain statements are made on the authority of Mr. Frederick Roy Martin, general manager of the Associated Press, who is quoted from the *News Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association for May 12, 1922. Mr. Martin's statement is to the effect that I assured Under-Secretary Fletcher, in the presence of newspapermen, that the Associated Press dispatch of May 22, 1921, "stood up." The obvious intention is to put me in the position of having confirmed the accuracy of the dispatch in question, which purported to outline the terms of American recognition.

Mr. Martin was not himself present at the press conference at the Department of State to which reference is made. The statement attributed to me was reported to Mr. Martin in a private letter from Mr. Burge McFall, a former newspaperman, at that time covering the Department for the Associated Press. Mr. McFall's report to Mr. Martin, in so far as it concerns any remark alleged to have been made by me at that time, is without the slightest foundation in fact. At no time did I make any statement with reference to the dispatch under discussion.

In a note of explanation addressed to me at that time Mr. McFall said, among other things, "Mr. Fletcher turned to Mr. Suydam, who said—as I understood him—'The story stands' or 'The story stands up.' The second reply was spoken in a rather low tone. . . . It is possible, of course, that I misunderstood Mr. Suydam. . . ."

It is evident, therefore, that Mr. McFall was not at all certain of his facts.

Inasmuch as the statement attributed to me has been used in your columns as a partial authentication of the Associated Press dispatch of May 22, 1921, I bespeak the courtesy of publication of this letter in *The Nation* as an act of fairness to me.

HENRY SUYDAM,
Former Chief, Division of Current Information,
Department of State

Washington, D. C., May 23

The Farmer's Real Problem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Ernest Bruncken in his letter, published on page 534 of *The Nation* for May 3, sees some very obvious facts and seems to overlook some others just as obvious. He says the shifting of taxes from the products of labor to the site value of land would do some good by "making speculative holding of wild land unprofitable." If it would do that for wild land, why not for improved land, for land that is sold at much more than its agricultural value because of its speculative possibilities? The same factors that force the beginning farmer to pay more than he should for wild land also force him to pay more than he should for land that is not wild, for city lots even.

Again Mr. Bruncken says that the real problem is the problem of more working capital for the farmer. Exactly so. He proposes to solve this problem by creating new loan facilities for the farmer. Now, a loan in due season is a thing to be desired, but no man ever solved his financial problems simply by getting loans. Farming as a business has been, still is, unprofitable in this country. The owning of farm lands has been, and is, a profitable business. The man who owns the land he farms can get along with poor returns from his farming if his land is increasing in value. That is, he can get along to a certain point. Then the dead capital he has in his land will force him to dispose of that land or continue his farming at an increasing rate of loss. That is just what is taking place. Land is being all the time transferred from the hands of the men who till it—the real farmers—to the hands of men who hold it as an investment or a speculation. The shifting of taxes will not do everything that needs to be done for the farmer, of course, but it will make it easier for the man who does not own land and who wishes to farm to secure the land he needs. It will also make it easier for the man of small means to finance his farming operations. It will release for him to work with a good part of the capital he must now tie up in the land he works on. Surely, Mr. Bruncken must see this, once he admits that such a change in the taxing system will make it less profitable to hold land out of use for speculative purposes.

I have never said or imagined that all the farmer's financial troubles would be ended by an increased tax on land values. I do think the conclusion unescapable that such increase, with a consequent reduction of his other taxes, will make it much easier for the farmer of small means to become a home owner or to make a profit on the cultivation of the land he owns. And that these two things be done seems to me not only desirable but essential if the American farmer is to remain the free and independent citizen we like to think of him as being.

Nashville, Tennessee, May 4 E. E. MILLER

Concerning "Jesus Water"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have not seen Mr. Aughinbaugh's book, nor your review of it. However, I can well surmise the character of the work by the author's reference to "Jesus Water" sold extensively in Peru.

I spent several weeks in Peru, South America, during the spring of 1920, and I drank this water at every hotel I stopped at. All visitors to Peru are warned against drinking the regular well water, and "agua de Jesus" is the mineral water commonly sold. This water does not come from "a spring owned by the Catholic Church in Peru," as Mr. Auginbaugh tells us, nor is the water represented as having any miraculous powers or even curative powers. The label on the bottle gives the analysis of the water, following the custom in vogue in this country.

The Spanish use the name Jesus more familiarly than we do. In fact, they give this name to their children, and there was neither disrespect intended in so naming the water nor was there any pretense made that it would work any wonders. This and other conclusions quickly arrived at by the prejudiced traveler are quite common, but they are altogether unwarranted.

Huntington, Indiana, May 19 J. F. NOLL

A Tribute of Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Probably the article of your this week's issue by Mary Heaton Vorse will reach our lords in Washington and penetrate their elephantine skins; and if they really are reached, they ought to spend the rest of their natural lives on their knees, begging forgiveness for their monstrous and inhuman sins.

As to you, Dear Lady Mary Heaton Vorse, permit me, an old man, to thank you in behalf of humanity for your article. Your pen makes a human being cry out in despair.

New York, May 6 WM. SCHMALZBACH

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Knowledge Is a Crime

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following bulletin appeared in all post offices immediately after Dr. Hubert Work succeeded Will Hays as Postmaster General:

IT IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE

To Send or Receive Obscene or Indecent Matter by Mail or Express

The forbidden matter includes anything printed or written, or any indecent pictures, or any directions or drugs or articles for the prevention of conception, etc.

The offense is punishable by a *Five Thousand Dollar Fine or Five Years in the Penitentiary or Both.*

Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

For more detailed information on this subject read Sections 480 and 1708 of the Postal Laws and Regulations, which may be consulted at any post office.

If Dr. Work intends to enforce the laws, it does him credit. But suppose he undertakes to prosecute all infringements? The relatively low birth-rate in well-to-do families indicates wholesale breaking of this law. How is he going to enforce it? There are about twenty-five million families in this country and, roughly speaking, ten million of these are the well-to-do—those above the income-tax exemption.

Possibly Dr. Work might welcome a practical suggestion, namely, that he promptly request Congress to change this futile law which has encumbered the statute books since Anthony Comstock got it passed in 1873. Any law that can't be generally enforced should be repealed.

How about the families below the income-tax exemption? There are over ten million of these also; and they are the ones against whom this law works successfully. Their ignorance and poverty prevent their securing the knowledge which the well-to-do get in spite of the law. This bulletin of Dr. Work's may well serve as a reminder that common fair play for these ten million families demands that Congress shall change these laws at once. Perhaps also this bulletin will rub it into the minds of the well-to-do parents that the knowledge by which they space their own babies and regulate their own family birth-rate is legally classed as "obscene and indecent." How much longer do decent people care to submit to this governmental insult?

Several of the best doctors, who have done years of research work on methods for controlling conception, are ready *now* to write books. One of the foremost publishing firms of America, with offices in London also, is ready to bring out an American edition of the excellent book on the control of conception by a famous British scientist—a book which has gone through five editions in England and is the generally accepted textbook on the subject. Our law prevents.

It is time to do something besides talk. It is time to *end the need for the birth-control movement,* by demanding that Congress change the laws. The Voluntary Parenthood League at 799 Broadway, New York City, is hard at work on this job.

New York, May 4 Mary Ware Dennett

Penalizing Science

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your remark on optical glass and the tariff in this week's issue calls to mind the fact that during the war the Allies were greatly embarrassed for lack of good optical glass. Apparently nobody outside of the Central Empires knew how to produce it. The only possible source of such knowledge aside from espionage lay in persistent research on the part of physicists and chemists in their laboratories. There happened to be in England at the beginning of the war a group of young workers in these sciences of exceptional ability and promise. They were allowed to enlist, sent to Flanders and Gallipoli, and for the most part killed.

To provide against such a shortage during the next war in which we engage it is now proposed to levy a tariff on optical glass and scientific instruments containing it. The bill passed by the House levies a duty of 35 per cent on optical glass, which has hitherto been admitted free, and increases from 25 to 35 per cent the duties on microscopes, telescopes, photographic lenses, and surveying instruments. The Senate committee's bill increases all of these rates to 55 per cent of the American valuation, which on account of the tariff itself will obviously be at least two and two-ninths times the foreign valuation, plus importers' profits, so long as the commodities in question are to any extent whatever imported. Thus American universities, research institutions, and scientists will be compelled to pay out of the slender fraction of the national income now devoted to scientific investigation and teaching a tax of something more than 122 per cent of the foreign value (plus cost of shipping) of necessary apparatus. The object of the tax is to encourage the American manufacturers whose goods have hitherto proven so inadequate in quality (not quantity).

Scientific books printed in foreign languages, a necessity for research workers never before taxed, must pay heavy duties after the new law goes into effect. Presumably the object is to encourage the printing in this country of duplicates of French and German books; such uneconomical duplication would of necessity greatly increase the cost. College libraries and individual workers on fixed incomes will have to reduce their purchases of new treatises.

If we are to have another war, it will certainly be fought with the help of scientific discoveries of the greatest intricacy. If we do not have another war, the world may be made a very decent place to live in by the continued march of science. For the present, however, the scientists are suitable targets for taxes and machine-guns. The business men must be encouraged.

Princeton, New Jersey, April 25 Harold Hotelling

More About Kansas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just finished William Allen White's "Kansas: A Puritan Survival." God, what a place to live in! What a damning indictment of both Kansas and the Puritan!

Or is Brother White slyly poking fun at his beloved democracy? Listen to his concluding paragraph: "Yet why—why is the golden bowl broken, the pitcher at the fountain broken, and in our art the wheel at the cistern still? This question is not peculiarly a Kansas question. It is tremendously American."

Why, the man has just got through answering this very question—answering it adequately, conclusively. Yet, Brother White is a jokester.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 2 Ambrose Downs

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In William Allen White's interesting and instructive article on Kansas there are a few inaccuracies. He tells us that the people of Kansas are not burdened by an idle class. Now, land-tenancy is rampant in Kansas; and landlords (meaning those who collect ground-rent from tenants) as such are an idle class. They produce nothing, neither do they render any useful service (and to give them full credit, they do not claim to). They merely consume, and are an intolerable burden the world over. They are not merely idle, but with the support of the law demand and receive pay for their idleness.

Mr. White refers to the people of Kansas as "a free people in so far as freedom allows men and women to have and hold all that they earn, and makes them earn all that they get." Nay, nay. To call a man free who must pay one-half of the produce of his labor to his fellow-man for access to the elements is a misuse of words.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 28 James Bann

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International Relations Section

American History in Nicaragua

MR. TURNER'S article on Nicaragua in *The Nation* for May 31 gave a broad summary of American intervention in that country. The following official documents bearing upon the early stages of the intervention are taken from the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1913 and from "Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States," published by the Government, for the years 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913.

The Beginning of Our Revolution

The following two dispatches from Thomas C. Moffat, United States Consul at Bluefields, Nicaragua, to Philander C. Knox, United States Secretary of State, predict and confirm the proclamation of the Estrada revolution. The first was received at Washington October 7, 1909:

Mr. Moffat reports that he has received secret information, which he has reason to believe, that a revolution will start in Bluefields on the 8th; that the state, with the present governor proclaimed provisional president, will constitute an independent republic, with Bluefields the capital; appeal will be made to Washington immediately for recognition. Mr. Moffat says the governor and leaders have control over the entire army, which numbers 2,000 on the coast, that they propose to protect property of foreigners, and that there will be no fighting in Bluefields; that the army would proceed south at once, augmented in numbers already arranged for, enter the capital, overthrow the president, and consolidate into another republic the Pacific states of Nicaragua. Mr. Moffat adds that General Chamorro, who will lead the army, landed secretly from Costa Rica the night before.

The second was received at Washington October 12.

Mr. Moffat reports that the provisional government was established on the 10th, with Juan Estrada, governor of this state, as provisional president republic of Nicaragua. He says that the change was effected through the entire territory of state of Zelaya and Cape Gracias without difficulty or the firing of a shot; that the entire population is jubilant at the overthrow of Zelaya control on the coast and is in anticipation of very great prosperity; and that the foreign business interests are enthusiastic. He says leaders will immediately strike down Managua Government; that troops will proceed to interior today; that overthrow of Zelaya appears absolutely assured, and that it is intended later to separate republic of Nicaragua, consolidating Pacific Coast states into a separate republic, both republics to be under the control of the conservative party. Mr. Moffat adds that immediate reduction tariff is assured; *also the annulment of all concessions not owned by foreigners.* [Italics ours.] He says new government here is friendly to American interests and is progressive; that the new President has granted him recognition, has formed new cabinet, and has sent him assurances in writing friendship American Government.

Overturning One Government, Then Another

On November 17 Lee Roy Cannon and Leonard Groce, two Americans, said to hold commissions in the Estrada revolutionary army, were executed by the regular (Zelaya) forces. This act led to sharp diplomatic interchanges. On December 1, Philander C. Knox, United States Secretary of State, broke off relations with the Zelaya Government in a note which read in part:

Since the Washington conventions of 1907, it is notorious that President Zelaya has almost continuously kept Central America in tension or turmoil; . . . in view of the interests of the United States and its relation to the Washington conventions, appeal against this situation has long since been made to this Government by a majority of the Central American republics. There is now added the appeal, through the revolution, of a great body of Nicaraguan people. Two Americans who, this Government is now convinced, were officers connected with the revolutionary forces, and therefore entitled to be dealt with according to the enlightened practice of civilized nations, have been killed by direct order of President Zelaya. Their execution is said to have been preceded by barbarous cruelties. The consulate at Managua is now officially reported to have been menaced. . . . The Government of the United States is convinced that the revolution represents the ideals and the will of a majority of the Nicaraguan people more faithfully than does the Government of President Zelaya, and that its peaceable control is well-nigh as extensive as that hitherto so sternly attempted by the Government of Managua.

This note led to the resignation of President Zelaya and the proclamation of José Madriz as his successor. Estrada refused to recognize Madriz but was soon driven back into Bluefields, where his revolution had begun. United States naval forces intervened at this point, as is recited in the following complaint from President Madriz to President Taft, dated June 13, 1910:

I beg Your Excellency's leave to refer to certain facts connected with our civil war.

On the 27th of May last the forces of this Government stormed the Bluff stronghold, which defends Bluefields.

The commanding officer of that force was under orders to proceed immediately and capture the city, which was without a garrison; that would have insured the ending of the campaign. This was frustrated by the attitude of the commander of the American cruiser Paducah, who notified the commanding officer of our troops that he would oppose with his forces the capture of the city, and to that effect landed American seamen to occupy it, and thus the revolution, sure of its base of operations, was enabled to take all of its forces out of the city and bring them against one of our columns, and so was a carefully planned combination, the success of which was certain, defeated.

This Government purchased in New Orleans a British vessel, Venus, now named Maximo Jerez, which sailed for San Juan del Norte by permission of the American authorities after exhibiting in good faith all the ammunition of war she had on board as articles of free commerce. At San Juan del Norte she was made a Nicaraguan vessel, fitted out as a war ship, and destined to blockade the port of Bluefields. The blockade was intended to prevent the revolution from continuing to receive, as before, arms, supplies, and funds from New Orleans. Your Excellency's Government denied our vessel the right to blockade as far as American vessels were concerned, and the New Orleans source of supplies remained open to the revolution. The capture of the Bluff put this Government in possession of the Bluefields customs, whereby it hoped to deprive the revolution of its customs receipts. Your Excellency's Government declared that customs duties must be paid to the revolution, and thus in a large measure frustrated the victory of our arms at the Bluff. Your Excellency's Government has denied us the right to prevent the passage of the Bluff of the American vessels bound for a revolutionary custom house that has just been established on Schooner Key, in Escondido River, in spite of this Government's decree which closes the port and prohibits that traffic as a necessary measure of defense and pacification. The commanding officer of the Paducah one day threatened the captain of the Maximo Jerez to fire at and sink her if our troops attempted to attack Bluefields. The chief of our forces at the Bluff, having noticed that boats in the service of the revolution

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were using the American flag in order to pass in front of the fort without being stopped, notified the commander of the Paducah that he has resolved to prevent the free passage of those boats in front of his positions; the commanding officers of the Paducah and Dubuque replied that they would enforce respect of American commerce with the firing of their guns, even though such commerce should consist of arms and ammunition for the revolution, and that one shot fired at the said boats would mean a declaration of war to the United States.

Lastly, I know that there is being prepared at Bluefields, still guarded by American seamen, an attack on our position at the Bluff and Laguna de Perlas. The warning of the commander of the Paducah prevents us from forestalling that action of the enemy as we, in self-defense, have the right to do. . . .

I have no hesitation in applying to your Excellency with the respectful request that the orders given to your naval authorities at Bluefields be rectified. That will enable this Government easily to bring to an end a bloody and destructive revolution which has no life of its own and is working Nicaragua's ruin.

The American Government held that the Nicaraguan blockade was illegal, the Venus having left the United States under false pretenses, and maintained its policy. Largely in consequence the Estrada forces gained strength; on August 19 their general, Chamorro, seriously defeated Madriz's forces. Madriz resigned on August 20, in favor of Juan Estrada's brother, José Dolores, who immediately recognized Juan and applied for an American loan. It was at this point that Thomas C. Dawson, United States Minister to Panama, was ordered to Nicaragua with instructions to arrange for the reestablishment of constitutional government, negotiation of a loan secured on the customs, for indemnity to the families of Cannon and Groce, and establishment of a Claims Commission.

Enter Finance and the Claims Commission

Mr. Dawson effected a series of agreements with the revolutionary leaders on board an American battleship on October 27; whereupon new elections were held for an Assembly, which promptly and unanimously elected Estrada president and Diaz vice-president, as had been agreed upon with Mr. Dawson. President Estrada was recognized by the United States on January 1; an American financial expert arrived on January 20; hopes of a $15,000,000 American loan were held out; and the business of establishing a mixed Claims Commission, with two American and one Nicaraguan member, to fix Nicaragua's debts, was taken up. Secretary Knox on February 27 instructed the American Minister to Nicaragua, Mr. Northcott, regarding the form of this Commission. Mr. Moffat, the consul who had predicted the Estrada revolution before it occurred, reappears in a message of March 2 from Mr. Northcott to Mr. Knox:

I am informed that the commissioner will be allowed $8,000 per year and $2,000 additional expenses. Moffat wishes to resign consulship and serve as commissioner.

There was, however, opposition to the Commission. On March 9 Northcott wired Knox:

President intends to establish the commission at once, by decree; but opinion is expressed here that under the Zelaya constitution he cannot do so without ratification of the Assembly which it seems will be impossible to secure.

Knox replied, March 14:

You will exchange notes with the Nicaraguan Government, making final arrangements for the constitution and establishment of the proposed Claims Commission under the plan set forth in the Department's February 27 and recommending Moffat as the second commissioner.

The decree establishing the Commission was proclaimed by the President on March 29 and ratified by the Assembly, or a part of it, April 4. This Assembly was dissolved April 5, so the decree was reenacted by a new Assembly May 17.

For a long time a storm had been brewing. On February 25 Mr. Northcott wired Mr. Knox that Estrada was in a bad way, and that

The natural sentiment of an overwhelming majority of Nicaraguans is antagonistic to the United States; and even with some members of Estrada's cabinet, I find a decided suspicion, if not distrust, of our motives.

Mr. Northcott explained on March 27 that

President Estrada is being sustained solely by the moral effect of our support, and the belief that he would unquestionably have that support in case of trouble.

The Assembly meanwhile had prepared a new constitution which it was determined to adopt. This constitution had certain clauses guaranteeing the independence of Nicaragua and directed against humiliating loans, which were opposed by the American representative. Despite the opposition of Estrada, supported by the American minister, the Assembly adopted this constitution on April 4; whereupon Estrada dissolved the Assembly, vetoed the constitution, and called for new elections. On May 5 President Estrada who, as the American minister reported, "had been drinking heavily," arrested the Minister of War, Mena, and then, appalled by his own act, resigned in favor of Diaz. Two days later Mr. Northcott wrote to Mr. Knox: "No anti-American sentiment apparent here. . . . A war vessel is necessary for the moral effect." On May 25, he reported:

Rumors have been current that the Liberals [the party ousted by Estrada with American help] are organizing a concerted uprising all over the country, with the declared object of defeating the loan. It is difficult to estimate how serious a measure this might be if well organized and led, as the Liberals are in such a majority over the Conservatives. I therefore hasten to repeat my suggestion as to the advisability of stationing permanently, at least until the loan has been put through, a war vessel at Corinto.

On June 1, Mr. Knox instructed the Minister to inform Diaz that "the United States renews assurances of its support." He added that Diaz should not be permitted to resign, and that the Yorktown had been ordered to Nicaragua. On June 5, the minister reported that Diaz had no personal following and was supported only by Mena. On June 6, Mr. Knox signed the Knox-Castrillo convention providing that a loan should be placed in the United States, secured upon the customs duties, which would be collected by a receiver general of customs who would be named in agreement with the United States, would report to the United States, and would be protected by it in case of need. At the same time an agreement was negotiated with the American banking houses, Brown Bros. & Company, and J. & W. Seligman & Company, for a fifteen million dollar loan, of which the Knox-Castrillo convention was made an integral part. This agreement was to take effect when the convention was ratified. But three times the Senate of the United States refused to ratify it. Nevertheless, the Department of State acted as if the convention had been ratified. On September 30, the Department instructed the Charge to give first attention to the loan contract and the claims commission decree.

A temporary loan of $1,500,000 had been passed on September 1 by the bankers, under an agreement to put the

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customs in American control in accordance with the terms of the unratified convention; and on November 2, an American was named collector general of customs.

The Claims Commission

Mr. Adee's instructions of September 30 referred to the matter of the claims commission, which had been pending since February. President Estrada had, as was shown above, proclaimed and forced his assemblies to ratify a decree establishing the commission in accordance, as he and the American Minister thought, with Mr. Knox's "suggestions" of February 27. This decree read in part:

Article 1. The establishment in this capital of a tribunal or mixed commission which shall examine and finally adjudge all unliquidated pending claims against the Government of Nicaragua, including those originating in the abolition or discontinuance of monopolies, concessions, leases, or any other forms of contracts made by former governments of the republic.

Art. 2. The tribunal or mixed commission shall be composed of three persons, to wit: one of its members shall be a citizen of Nicaragua, appointed by the Government of Nicaragua; another member whom this Government shall also appoint, but upon the recommendation of the Government of the United States of America; and a third member who shall be appointed by the Department of State of the American Government.

Art. 5. The individuals or companies referred to in Article 1, or their assigns, who shall not have brought their claims before the tribunal or mixed commission within six months, or by such default be held to have lost said claims, together with all claims to indemnities. . . .

Art. 6. The President shall cancel by special decrees such contracts or concessions as are referred to in Article 1.

Mr. Knox, however, was not satisfied. On June 26, he wrote:

The Department, having very carefully considered the wording of the decree establishing the claims commission, is convinced that certain modifications should be made therein. The Department in this connection desires to inspect the Spanish text of proposed amendments, numbered to correspond with the articles which they are designed to amend. Following are the modifications proposed: . . .

Article 1 should have this addition: " . . . The claims referred to in this article are all those claims which from any cause whatsoever may arise or may have arisen against the Government of Nicaragua from the beginning of the administration of President Zelaya until the commission closes its work, including claims which may arise out of the belligerent operations of their faction during the recent civil war. . . . The commission shall in its consideration of claims give precedence to claims arising out of military loans, requisitions, or exactions by either faction during the recent civil war."

To Article 2 there should be added: " . . . The commissioner appointed by the Department of State shall act as president of the tribunal, and no meeting at which he or his duly appointed successor is not present shall be held. . . ."

To Article 5 should be added: " . . . Provided, however, That the right to question the cancelation or annulment of concessions, and the right to indemnify, shall not be forfeited and the forfeiture of rights and remedies with reference thereto shall in no case be declared by the tribunal except when proof satisfactory to the tribunal that, six months prior to the motion for such judgment, the Government of Nicaragua gave in appropriate form express notice to the parties concerned of the intention of the Government to move for such judgment against them, and except it appears that said parties shall have failed to appear before the tribunal for such time, no valid excuses for such failure to appear being shown."

To Article 6 should be added: " . . . Provided, That no contract or concession contemplated in Articles 1, 5, or 6 shall be canceled or annulled except upon the ground that such contract or concession is illegal or unconstitutional, and that no decree of cancelation or annulment shall take effect until affirmed by the commission. . . ."

The Nicaraguan Government expressed the fear that these modifications would revive the lottery and other undesirable concessions. The American Charge reported this fear, which the Department confirmed, continuing, however to insist upon the modifications. On July 12, the Charge reported:

There has been a leak in government circles, and the substance of your telegram of June 26 has got out somehow, and produced considerable agitation, and the opinion generally expressed is that the United States Government has repudiated its policy of protecting Nicaragua against foreigners holding rights in ruinous concessions or contracts. . . . I strongly urge that no further action be taken until the Assembly approves the loan contract.

The Charge reported that the leading members of the Government believed "that several features of the revised decree would prove objectionable to the Assembly and endanger the ultimate passage of the loan." On September 28, he added:

The opposition to these loan contracts and concessions is becoming more determined, and they are now supported only by General Mena and Minister Canton. The president of the Assembly and the Minister of Finance are conducting dangerous propaganda against the loan. . . .

On October 3, the presidential decree approving the loan contract with Brown Bros. was signed by the President and sent to the Assembly. Then suddenly the Charge reported on October 31:

On the 14th inst. the National Constituent Assembly unanimously approved the decree of the executive, bearing date of the 9th inst., and embodying the amendments approved by the Department in its telegram of June 26 to the mixed commission decree of May 17 last.

The German, English, and French ministers took exception to the commission, on the ground that it was not a Nicaraguan but an American commission, and advised their nationals not to submit their claims to it. Mr. Knox wrote the Charge on November 10:

The Department is not disposed to counsel the Nicaraguan Government to resist the demands of European countries through diplomatic channels for the direct settlement of its claims, but if the Nicaraguan Government *of its own initiative* should decide that European claimants must first exhaust the remedies afforded by the Nicaraguan courts or other local tribunals, including the claims commission, the Department believes that international law and practice afford ample precedents therefor.

On November 17 and 28, the Charge wired Washington that Nicaragua was disposed "on its own initiative" to send a circular note of that tenor, but that it wished first to be assured of the support of the United States. Mr. Knox replied curtly on December 2, "Department's note November 10 should be a sufficient response to yours November 28." On December 9, Nicaragua sent such a circular note.

While this matter was pending the Charge advised Mr. Knox that the Assembly was about to adjourn. Mr. Knox replied, November 20:

The National Assembly may wish if possible to continue in session until the arrival at Managua of currency experts, collector general of customs, and assistants, who will start before December 1. The Assembly may wish to decide after their arrival whether they need further legislation to carry out projected financial reforms.

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On December 2, the President directed the Assembly to continue in session. The assembly was then considering a new constitution which still contained clauses objectionable to the American representative, including the following:

ARTICLE 2. The sovereignty is one, inalienable and imprescriptible, and resides essentially in the people from whom the officials provided for by the constitution and laws derive their powers. Consequently, no compacts or treaties shall be concluded which are contrary to the independence and integrity of the nation, or which in any wise affect its sovereignty, except such as may look toward union with one or more republics of Central America.

ARTICLE 55. Congress alone may authorize loans and levy contract by indirect taxes, all authorities are prohibited from negotiating the former or levying the latter without its permission, save the exceptions provided in the Constitution.

On January 12 the Charge reported:

In the Assembly yesterday the Minister for Foreign Affairs declined to comply with the Assembly's demand that he sign the constitution. A stormy scene ensued, in which American intervention was attacked. The Assembly does nothing without the assent of Mena, whose party is uniformly anti-American. To allay the excitement the Minister for Foreign Affairs, at the request of President Diaz, agreed to sign. The President and Mena have promised me, however, not to allow promulgation of the constitution until January 31.

Mr. Knox replied the next day:

Not having seen the text of the proposed constitution, the Department cannot express views thereon, but would regard its promulgation before the arrival of Weitzel (about January 18) as a distinct departure from the cooperation that has been practiced by the two governments heretofore during the efforts of Nicaragua to reorganize its government. You will impress this upon the Government of Nicaragua, again assuring President Diaz of the warm sympathy and cordial support of the United States.

The Assembly, however, had already promulgated the constitution and attacked American interference in the following decree:

The National Constituent Assembly, Considering that the Charge d'Affaires of the United States has given evidence of exceptional interest, as was manifested to Dr. Suárez, the president of the Assembly, in delaying the promulgation of the constitution until the arrival of Mr. Weitzel, the new minister, who in all probability bears instructions from his Government to make amendments thereto;

Considering that this interposition of the Charge d'Affaires of the United States carries with it, in effect, an insult to the national autonomy and the honor of the Assembly;

Considering that, above all, it is the duty of the Assembly to preserve the dignity and decorum of the nation and the good name of this august body; . . . Decrees:

ARTICLE 1. That the constitution elaborated by the present National Constituent Assembly be published by proclamation, or in the official gazette, or in any newspaper of the republic.

ART. 2. That the *junta directiva* of the Assembly be commissioned to take the necessary steps to cause this decree to have effect from date, by publishing said constitution in this city. Given, etc.

R. LOPEZ CALLEJAS,
FEDERICO LACAYO,
JOSE F. SACASA,
MARIANO ZAVALA

Commission Chamber,
Managua, January 12, 1912

There is a hiatus in the documents published at this point. It appears that Diaz declared the Assembly adjourned, and removed General Mena from office as Minister of War. Mena and the majority of the Assembly refused to accept these decrees and started a revolt which speedily won all Nicaragua except the capital at Managua.

The American Minister, Mr. Weitzel, called for the assistance of the American navy, justifying his action in the following statement:

. . . [On August 3] the manager of the railroad, which is owned and operated by a company organized under the laws of the State of Maine, filed a protest with the Legation complaining that its locomotives and cars have been unlawfully taken by forces acting under Mena's orders; that a passenger train was obstructed at Masaya causing great distress to the passengers many of whom were foreigners; that the company's steamers in Lake Nicaragua had been seized and occupied by armed forces. These steamers were used for bombarding San Jorge and other unfortified towns along the lake.

The Legation promptly brought the protest to the attention of the Nicaraguan Government on August 3, and requested that steps be taken to afford adequate protection to the property of Americans. The Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that his Government is making every effort to extend such protection but regrets its inability to do so because of the necessity of using its forces to put down armed disorders, and he concluded by requesting that the Government of the United States land forces to guarantee the property and life of its own citizens as well as to extend its protection to all the inhabitants of the Republic. . . .

The Legation received a similar request for protection of the customs houses which are under control of the American collector general.

The members of the American colony resident in Managua informally met and resolved to urge the necessity of taking prompt measures for the security of their lives and property.

That same morning information reached me of uprisings in Chinandega and León, and of further interruptions of the wire and rail service between the capital and the port. It then became necessary for me to decide without delay what practical measures to take for the safeguarding of the persons and interests committed to the care of the Legation, for if the railroad and telegraph communication from Corinto to Managua were destroyed no effective precautions would be longer available. . . .

On August 3 I sent a telegram to the commanding officer of the U. S. S. Annapolis, Captain W. J. Terhune, U. S. N., inquiring how many men he had available for a landing force, and a few hours later I sent another requesting that he disembark a guard and order it to the Legation in Managua. . . .

The Mena revolution was thereupon defeated by the American navy. The story is told in the report of the United States Secretary of the Navy for 1913:

The Department deems it most important to mention the operations in and around Nicaragua during the revolution, lasting from August to November, 1912, at which time the following naval vessels participated: California, Colorado, Cleveland, Annapolis, Tacoma, Glacier, Denver, and Buffalo, with approximately 125 officers and 2,600 enlisted men.

During this period the officers and men participated in the bombardment of Managua, a night ambuscade in Masaya, the surrender of General Mena and his rebel army at Granada, the surrender of the rebel gunboats Victoria and Ninety-three, the assault and capture of Coyotepe, the defense of Paso Caballos Bridge, including garrison and other duty at Corinto, Chinandega, and elsewhere.

The most notable event during the campaign was the assault and capture of Coyotepe, resulting in entirely crushing the revolution and restoring peace to Nicaragua; this assault lasting 37 minutes under heavy fire from the rebel forces before the position, which was considered impregnable by the federal forces, could be taken.

American marines have been in Nicaragua ever since.

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Psychoanalysis and American Fiction

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

PSYCHOANALYSIS is the spoiled child of a realistic age, and its boisterous manners should be corrected by a metaphysical spanking. In this country psychoanalysis has been wildly accepted by critics and creators who were longing for a diagrammed excuse for their sensual admirations, and these people, of course, have plastered it with phallic exaggerations. It began with the modest claim, advanced by Freud, that dreams were directly or indirectly symbolic of physical desires and repressions and that men, by studying the trend and imagery of their dreams, could become aware of these hidden longings and thus cast a light upon the personal problems of their lives. But the disciples of psychoanalysis, being very substantial creatures, were not content to cling to the realm of dreams, since the dream after all is merely flimsy and tantalizing food for the depths of sensual desires. There is something unsatisfactory about a dream. It causes you to wake up with a feeling of cheated virility, and even if you are convinced that your dream was a veiled indication of sex you still retain a feeling of resentment—a feeling that the dream played a mean trick on you. Moved by this feeling of swindled irritation your sensual desires are determined to seek revenge, and they proceed to domineer over every form of mental and emotional activity.

Thus the disciples of Freud have changed his modest premise into the contention that sex underlies and dominates all human motives and is the basis of all creations. Art, philosophy, mysticism—all are dismissed as mere sublimations of the sexual impulse and men write ponderous books in which they frantically attempt to unearth an erotic motive in every kind of literature and art. This turning of the sexual desires into demagogues, hogs, and perverted Billy Sundays is not merely confined to people who wear intellectual and psychological masks. It is a part of the very air that we breathe each day.

Everywhere around you in the English-speaking countries you can see the indications of this frantic change. Novels in which sex is described and megaphoned in a lingering, detailed, and defiant manner; legs begging for attention in musical comedies and on the street; feminine bodies neither veiled nor unveiled but slyly and vapidly wavering between the two extremes; endless books on the subject of sex, from "What Every Girl Already Knows" to the latest distortion of some Freudian pupil. Psychoanalysis is merely a morsel flung to this greedy appetite, and the pruderies and pretty evasions of the Victorian Age are being wildly avenged. The man on the street, holding a relatively low mentality, does not know that his sexual desires are in need of adroit explanations and comforting extenuations. In place of the words "subconscious repressions" he merely declares: "Gee, I ain't got the nerve to go out and get that girl"; and instead of dwelling upon "erotic currents" he merely complains that "this woman sure knows how to put me up in the air." But other men and women, who wear the cloak of culture, are more uneasy concerning the wild insistence of sensual desire, and they are interested in fashioning little rubber stamps of mental approval such as "primitive instincts," "subconscious frustration," "sexual suggestion"—all of the glib patter with which the psychoanalysts congratulate the decay of their logic.

Fundamentally, whenever man is particularly conscious of the fact that he has failed to conquer and discipline his flesh he engages in a wild effort to magnify and exalt its importance, and, in other words, he tries to make the best of an inevitable situation. This has happened often in the past. The robber barons of the Middle Ages in Europe had their hired troubadours and minstrels who made dainty and naive songs in which love was glorified, gilded, dressed in delicate tears and smiles, and generally lied about, and the noblemen of those centuries, while listening to the apologetic tinkle of the lutes and lyres, found an excellent consolation for their secret feeling of baffled emptiness. Under the spell of pensive love songs they were probably able to believe that their cruel rape of the latest peasant girl had been merely a natural and inevitable action, attended by a beautiful and sighing vehemence. But these medieval gentry lacked the cunning of the psychoanalysts. The poor gentlemen tried to hide and gild their sexual instincts, when not indulging in them, and their lives in many cases became uneasy tangles—uneasy contradictions in which religious penitence and chivalrous pretense strove to wrestle with an amorous brutality. They did not know that the best way to excuse and defend sexual instinct was to bring it out into the open, magnify it at least three times, turn it into a fundamental Kaiser, and fill the air with explanations of its tiniest shades, down to the last ruffle on the petticoat of an inhibition. By claiming that nothing exists except sex, and that intellect and art are merely the involved garments of sex, men have finally found a proper throne for their ever-present curse and blessing, and can rise to greet their mistresses with a psychological confidence which they lacked in the past.

A neat game indeed, and it really grieves one to challenge this frank mirage created by Freud, Carpenter, Havelock Ellis, Weininger, Jung, Krafft-Ebing, and all the rest of those men who have been so eagerly seeking a scientific halo for the monotone of flesh. I do not claim that these men have not shrewdly penetrated and classified many of the causes and details of sex, and I am simply attacking their contention, implied or directly expressed, that sex forms the whole of man's physical and intangible content. Man contains a far more plaintive interior than the sexologist dares to admit, and this mental and emotional sadness and confusion could not possibly spring from sexual longing alone. For instance, when you consider the Hindu, who sits for weeks upon a bed of upright nails in order to prepare himself for eventual stillness, you cannot merely claim that he has sublimated his sexual instincts, for in that case you will be forced to admit that something else within him must have been dissatisfied with these sexual instincts and must have desired to alter them. If sex were the only fundamental force in human beings it would never be dominated by a longing to gild or veil itself, outside of those shields necessary for actual retreat and attack, and the mere desire to write a poem, or suffer for a solemn hope, is in itself the challenge of one fundamental to another.

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Man has been ever divided into two parts—a longing for sensual triumph in one form or another and a desire for mental and aesthetic variety. These two have forever wrestled within the breasts of men, and since each one has held a strength equal to that of the other, each has been forced to cover and decorate its enemy, thus achieving the endurable counterfeit of an unattainable victory. Men and women have led their sexual impulses through a maze of lies, jealousies, cruelties, haloes, and sufferings, because these impulses were harassed by an implacable enemy—by a quality that determinedly invaded the complacent monotone of sensual gratification; and to claim that this past turmoil has been merely caused by a feeling of sensual frustration is like asserting that a whirlpool can start itself into motion and continue without the aid of an outside hand. All that the psychoanalysts have done is shrewdly to reclassify, and in some instances clarify, the obstructing physical surface of man's conduct and emotions, and after probing this surface they have stopped, mistaking their inch for a complete world. They have resembled strangely scientific street-urchins twiddling their thumbs and fingers at a mysticism that has existed since the beginning of man, and this gesture has had a pernicious influence over American literature during the past ten years.

Passing over the hordes of books by American disciples of Freud, in which we have read all about the strange case of Mrs. C——, whose dream of falling from a bridge solved her problems of personal equilibrium, or the equally interesting case of Mr. D——, whose dream of chasing himself through an apple-orchard proved that he was a victim of auto-suggestion—passing over these serious jests we find that the American novel has been equally maltreated. American novels have rapidly formed themselves into the following classes: the sensual melodrama, written in an awkwardly forced style and unsuccessfully wavering between Whitman and Baudelaire, such as Waldo Frank's "Rahab"; the novel in which sensuality adopts a heavy, clumsy, and naively serious mien, such as the stories and novels of Sherwood Anderson, in which young men lie upon their backs in cornfields and feel oppressed by their bodies, etc.; the novel in which sensuality becomes half flippant and half sentimental and plays the youthful ape to sophistication, such as the creations of F. Scott Fitzgerald; the novel in which sensuality, sordid and undressed, fights with longings for business success, a proceeding that occurs in the ponderous fiction of Theodore Dreiser; the novel in which sensuality sneers at itself and wonders whether the gain is worth the effort involved, a quality recently exhibited in Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn"; and the endless novels in which sensuality runs after romance, nobility, and domestic bliss.

Waldo Frank's "Rahab" is the most ludicrous ringleader shown by any novelist on the foregoing list, for this book is ruled by the clumsiest of incongruities, while most of the other volumes present, at their worst, units of style and purpose. In Mr. Franck's novel a huge animal-vigor tries to pirouette in the manner of an elfin and capricious dancer, and the stumbling pursuits of finesse that ensue are remarkably amusing. If his intention had been to write a morbid burlesque on sensuality his book would be a masterpiece, but on the contrary he took his style with elaborate seriousness. His book is in reality merely the worst manifestation of a ruling tendency in contemporary American fiction. Intellectual curiosity, emotional whimsicality, the decorative poetic touch, ironical strength, and even a plausible realism—all of these qualities are for the most part absent in American novels of the present, and the novels in question have become mere recitals of one man's affairs with different women, interrupted by interludes in which he grapples with material success, or flirts with social propaganda; or one woman's attempt to reduce the masculine enigma to a series of crisp, simple sentences. And back of this farce stands the psychoanalyst, with his enticing implication that nothing exists in human beings except sex, and its open or indirect manifestations. He has, indeed, become the godfather of most contemporary American prose and poetry, and he is, indeed, very much in need of a metaphysical spanking.

Anything Can Happen in San Francisco

By JAMES RORTY

ACROSS the strait from San Francisco the hills rise up in seamed and rounded masses, culminating in the peak of Tamalpais, five thousand feet above the bay. Down into the Pacific on one side and into the bay on the other, the mountain stretches huge buttresses that are like great prehistoric saurians, lying half submerged in the water. The canyons are numerous and deep. The entire population of San Francisco could file into these vast clefts and, unless they were exceptionally noisy, the mountain would never know they were there.

When the spring comes in February the hill slopes become at first faintly tinged with green, and later particolored with the blooming of whole acres of blue lupin and yellow mustard. Tamalpais is like a colossal Aphrodite, leaning above the bay, fragrant and enticing. And the youths and maidens of San Francisco do not long delay. They don hiking clothes—they and the middle-aged and old people as well—and with packs on their backs crowd upon the ferry boats going to Sausalito. The sun is brighter and the water more blue on San Francisco Bay, one is told, than it is anywhere else in the world. The young people stand and sit in the sun on the forward deck. They are straight-limbed and beautiful, many of them. Certainly they seem handsomer and happier than any crowds I ever remember watching in the East. As the boat nears the slip they press closer to the exits, and when the drawbridge falls they rush ashore with a shout of pure delight.

After all, why should they bother about Art? They do, however. Whether on Russian Hill in San Francisco, or on the sunny slopes of Berkeley, or in the hills of Marin County, the clack of the typewriter is never still. Instructors of more than dubious qualifications get as much as ten dollars an hour for teaching respectable matrons, embarrassed with a superfluity of leisure and sentiment, how to write short stories. The arts have infinite prestige, countless followers—and few priests, none of whom is of commanding stature. Where life is not oppressive, it doesn't have to be grappled with or understood on terms of clear reality. Perhaps this explains many things about contemporary literature in sunny California. The tension is relaxed. The artists cease probing and turn to decoration.

It should not be forgotten that the Americans who set-

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tled California in forty-nine were adventurers and adventuresses, for the most part, and the romantic, swash-buckling tradition has not entirely faded. Swash-bucklers can always be relied upon to exhibit two salient characteristics —brutality on the one hand and sentimentality on the other. California had the movies in real life long before cinema was invented. Bret Harte and Mark Twain were faithful enough chroniclers. Jack London was himself the type of the Great Adventurer. In his life and in his work he displayed much of the infantile romanticism which is characteristic of Western letters. He repeated the grandiose gesture in book after book, until finally in his last story, "The Little Lady of the Big House," it verged on paranoia and he snapped.

San Francisco has a poet—one after her own heart. Study the work of George Sterling and you will find there reproduced many of the essential lineaments of San Francisco's spiritual physiognomy. You will find the Miltonic line, the grandiose gesture, as if to emulate overpowering nature. You will find much genuine nobility. You will find splendid images and beautifully carven rhythms. And you will find, too, something native, something faun-like, something indubitably original. Inspiring to relate, this native quality seems to be increasing in the poet's later work, while the verbiage is decreasing. Incidentally, Mr. Sterling's relation to the social life of the town is unique and charming. He is frankly and unaffectedly the bard: wears his laurels gracefully, and carries his manuscripts in the inside pocket of his coat. San Francisco accepts, enjoys, and exploits him, and no doubt will continue to do so unless to the laurels of the bard he should add the robe of the prophet, in which case the Better America Federation would probably run him out of town. But it seems highly improbable that Mr. Sterling will attempt to do for San Francisco what Carl Sandburg has done for Chicago—actually see and interpret this outpost of industrialism set down in a natural Eden, with the mountains at its back and all the Orient before it.

Into the Palace Hotel, during the Democratic Convention two years ago, there strolled an old man, big of shoulder and easy of gait, with a mane of white hair falling to his shoulders, a luxuriantly curling beard, and calm blue eyes. He seemed like a visitor from another world—Pan come among the politicians. The rose-hued tapestries fluttered, and there was a pause in the babble and clatter of the dining-room. A local newspaperman turned to a visitor and whispered: "That's Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of 'The Heavenly Discourses.'" Readers of the *Masses* of a few years back will undoubtedly recall the excellent Olympian humor of these pieces, which regrettably have never been collected. It is, perhaps, not so generally known that Mr. Wood has written almost as abundantly as he has lived, which is saying a good deal. Army officer, pioneer Indian fighter, landscape painter, lawyer, radical and friend of radicals, nature lover and student of Indian lore, philosophic anarchist, satirist and poet, Charles Erskine Scott Wood defies categories. More than any other figure does he personify the West—that West which is passing.

What one finds disquieting about San Francisco, of course, is the same thing that disquieted Ambrose Bierce—the lack of organized artistic traditions and standards. That strange figure probably did as much as any other man to convert California from a State of Nature to a State of Mind. It should be noted, however, that, as with most of California's literary celebrities, there was nothing indigenous about him. He was a Southern Gentleman and a cultured man of letters, and his contribution was primarily that of a stylist. One wishes desperately that he were alive and writing today—preferably for one of the San Francisco newspapers, which are today incredibly provincial, and in their relation to the arts have almost entirely abnegated any critical function. One editor confesses frankly that, as far as his dramatic column is concerned, he has abandoned criticism. The man who runs it is a slide rule expert, who clips the press agents' flimsy and apportions the space granted each theater in strict relation to the amount of its advertising contract.

This would be serious if there were a theater to criticize. There is not. San Francisco, which once boasted three excellent stock companies running simultaneously, with John McCullough as manager of one of them and David Warfield as usher, whose wealthy citizens once built a theater for Edwin Booth and gave it to him, in order to retain him and his art in the city, today has a single theater where traveling companies from New York play week runs; a vaudeville house; an assortment of rather undistinguished "little" theaters, and—the movies. True, the Greek Theater across the bay in Berkeley, under the leadership of Sam Hume and Irving Pichel, has initiated a program which should lead ultimately to the establishment of a State theater. A subscription repertory theater has been established, which has given some creditable performances. The most significant accomplishments of the Greek Theater to date, however, have had to do with the direction and coordination of art institutions which have hitherto been isolated, such as the Drama Teachers Association of California and the Western Association of Art Museum Directors.

These brief impressions of the City by the Golden Gate must necessarily leave wide gaps. If they seem chaotic, the answer is that the conditions they portray are chaotic, just as all America is chaotic, from the point of view of the arts. San Francisco is scarcely a cultural identity, is scarcely aware of itself. But, for that matter, is New York aware of itself? New York is aware of its *processes*—like a neurasthenic person. And in its sane moments it is miserably certain that these processes are chiefly degenerative. Is Chicago aware of itself? It would seem that it is beginning to be, to some extent at least, by the grace of Carl Sandburg and a few others.

When a city is aware of itself it is glad. It plays creatively. It finds something better to do than merely to respond automatically to the stimuli of the mechanisms it has evolved to serve its own material needs. It wills life to be thus and so. It achieves a civilization and a culture—in the sense in which John Addington Symonds defines the word—"self-effectuation."

Will San Francisco ever be a cultural identity in that sense? It may, and the time may not be so far distant after all. For anything can happen in San Francisco—one feels that. The magnificent resurgence of the city after the fire is a thing not to be forgotten. And the Exposition was more than a grandiose gesture—it was a noble and heroic achievement. Some day the sunny sky of California will be darkened by a thought-cloud—it *is* possible to think in California, despite Mr. Mencken's picturesque assertions to the contrary. And out of that cloud will flicker lightnings with potentialities of illumination.

"Why not?" as the Serpent said in Bernard Shaw's new version of the Garden legend. "Why not?"

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Return of the *Vers Libretine*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THERE are many explanations for the recent, spectacular decline in the stock of *vers libre*. To some of its most ardent supporters it seems a *volte face* that smacks of betrayal, a retrograde movement for which there is no excuse but the age of the turn-coats who have reached the senility of the thirties. To others—and particularly those less concerned in the manufacture of this erstwhile commodity—it appears to be a natural progression, a return, after a period of liberal promiscuity, to poetic first principles. Both of these theories are capable of elaborate expansion, but both of them, after all the variations on either theme, must remain theories. Let the facts have precedence.

For six years—from 1914 to 1920, to be coldly statistical—*vers libre* was the fashion in these otherwise conservative States. Not only did the leaders of the style adapt their tropes and figures to this form but whole regiments of amateurs, imitators, and young men-about-literature cut their patterns along its attenuated lines. The three Imagist anthologies appeared in 1915, 1916, 1917, and, except for an occasional poem by D. H. Lawrence and the polyphonic prose pieces by Amy Lowell, one searched them in vain for a regular rhythm or even an irregular rhyme. John Gould Fletcher's "Goblins and Pagodas" and H. D.'s "Sea Garden" appeared; both volumes illustrating, in program and practice, a verse-form based upon "cadence" instead of meter. Amy Lowell went far further than Ezra Pound in her staccato idiom. Masters published that triumph of free verse, "Spoon River Anthology." Arturo Giovannitti and Clement Wood borrowed the "polyrhythmical" loquacity of Whitman for their own insurgent purposes. Orrick Johns offered his suspicious-looking olives in "Others." Maxwell Bodenheim performed his morganatic marriages of unhappily mated nouns and adjectives without benefit of rhyme or an orthodox ritual. And Alfred Kreymborg, surpassing them all in metrical heresy, perfected a *vers libre* so tenuous and brittle that melodic comments (performed by Kreymborg on his famous mandolute) were required to hold it together.

So remote are these phenomena that, in the light of the new radicalism, they seem like musty fragments from the files of an antiquarian. For, with the exception of a few inflexible veterans like Pound and Sandburg, scarcely any one is left to defend the once commanding fort. The list of deserters grows with every announcement of a publisher's spring list or a prize contest. Masters is writing almost entirely in conventional blank verse. Giovannitti's rhythms grow increasingly proper; Wood's are almost prim. Johns is writing poignant country-rhymes in the prescribed manner. Amy Lowell does not hesitate to express herself in Chaucerian stanzas, strict ballad measures, starched and polished tercets. Fletcher, discarding Imagism, is using not only rhyme but a much more balanced verse-structure. Bodenheim's poetry has become rigidly, almost contemptuously, formal, parading its pattern with an acrid nonchalance.

But the two most notable backsliders are H. D. and Alfred Kreymborg. H. D. was not merely the only true Imagist but the surest worker in unrhymed cadence. She had achieved that rare clarity and concision which (like the condensed epitaphs of "Spoon River Anthology") gave free verse, ordinarily so flabby, a dignity and distinction of form. In her chiseled strophes there was a crystallization that more than compensated for the absence of rhyme and regularity. Yet it does not seem to have reconciled its author to the loss. In her recently published volume "Hymen" rhyme is introduced with more than tentative effect; certain parts of the extended marriage ritual are so dexterously woven as to seem like the lyrics of a belated Elizabethan. And here is a dirge, called Lethe, not yet printed in any of her collected works, which adds a gravely formal music without arresting the author's individual gestures:

> Nor skin nor hide nor fleece
> Shall cover you,
> Nor curtain of crimson nor fine
> Shelter of cedar-wood be over you,
> Nor the fir-tree
> Nor the pine.
>
> Nor sight of whin nor gorse
> Nor river-yew,
> Nor fragrance of flowering bush,
> Nor wailing of reed-bird to waken you.
> Nor of linnet
> Nor of thrush.
>
> Nor word nor touch nor sight
> Of lover, you
> Shall long through the night but for this:
> The roll of the full tide to cover you
> Without question,
> Without kiss.

The case of Kreymborg is even more significant. When he left America a year ago, his lines, growing more and more jagged, were almost monosyllabic in their brusque brevity. Eight months in Italy, and Kreymborg, in his search for more adequate forms, discovers a fresh utterance in—heart-breaking though it may be to his frantic colleagues—sonnets! Further, he intimates in a private document, the sonnets—and more than thirty of them have been produced in the villa at Pallanza—have come as freely as free verse . . . and more sharply. "It has always had my veneration," writes Kreymborg, speaking of the sonnet-form, "perhaps too much of it; perhaps, had it not been for that, I should have come to it sooner. Or possibly I wasn't ripe enough for the adventure." More than that, Kreymborg's new poems in the orthodox stanza-structures have gained in strength and lost none of that whimsical difference which made this poet's manner so strikingly his own. Witness this first quatrain from the lyrical Bloom:

> When flowers thrust their heads above the ground
> in showers pale as raindrops, and as round,
> who would suspect that such, before they're gone,
> could hold the sun?

To amplify the speculations that introduced these paragraphs, Is the return of the prodigal *vers libretine* due to a spontaneous revulsion of feeling? Or does it owe its impetus to the compulsion through which every artist is struggling—inconsistently enough—for both novelty and stability? Is it not true that after the natural early period of imitation the impulse to experiment is uppermost? And, having passed through the phase of experimenting with subject, pattern, and the preoccupation with form, does not the seeker inevitably labor to perfect his idiom in some lasting shape? . . . So we see one creator after

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another turn to a *resisting* form, to a medium that does not submit too easily. Even the boy likes to cut into wood rather than wax; the sculptor chooses stone instead of putty. The poet, in the end, learns to enjoy the edged limitations of his verse as keenly as the painter appreciates the sharp confines of his canvas. Learning to respect his material, does not the artist prefer to feel the victory of his will over a definite and sometimes defiant form? Furthermore, does he not relish his triumphs in an almost direct proportion to the difficulties he has overcome in imposing his desire as well as his personality upon the stubborn, slowly-consenting mold? These questions, several of which have a gratuitously rhetorical ring, may prompt a variety of conclusions. To one, at least, they call for certain replies in the affirmative.

Aquatint Framed in Gold

By AMY LOWELL

Six flights up in an out-of-date apartment house
Where all the door-jambs and wainscots are of black walnut
And the last tenant died at the ripe age of eighty.
  Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,
  Crowded into a corner against the black walnut wainscot.

Surrounded by the house-gods of her family for three generations:
Teak-wood cabinets, rice-paper picture-books, slim, comfortless chairs of spotted bamboo.
Too many house-gods for the space allotted them, exuding an old and corroding beauty, a beauty faded and smelling of the past.
  Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,
  Accurately telling the time, but forgetting whether it is today or yesterday.

Sleeping every night in a walnut bedstead
With a headboard like the end of a family pew;
Waking every morning to the photographs of dead relations,
Dead relations sifted all over the house,
Accumulated in drifts like dust or snow.
  Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,
  Indifferently keeping up an old tradition.
  Unconcernedly registering the anniversaries of illnesses and deaths,
  But omitting the births, they were so long ago.

The lady is neither young nor old,
She walks like a waxwork among her crumbling possessions.
She is automatic and ageless like the clock,
And she, too, is of a bygone pattern.
She sits at her frugal dinner,
Careful of its ancient etiquette,
Opposite the portrait of a great-aunt
Done by a forgotten painter.
The portrait lived once, it would seem,
To judge by the coquetry of its attire,
But the lady has always been a waxwork,
Of no age in particular,
But of an unquestioned ancestry.
  Tick-tock, the grandfather's clock,
  Ironically recording an hour of no importance.

Mountains

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

It's fenced all round with mountains where we live,
"Like as Jerusalem," the Bible says;
You know, "as round about Jerusalem."
Some people feel the mountains *"on their chests"*;
They feel them like forbidding walls, they say,
That scant the winter days, and darken them.
But that's not true; for winter afternoons
Are pieced out by the long-drawn afterglow.
Blaze Mountain must have got its name from that,
Although it's not like firelight, but darker,
More purpling; cooler. The artist that comes here
Has never painted Blaze. His favorite
Is Bald Fowl; but he doesn't call it Bald Fowl.
He calls it Eagle Peak, or Lair of the Winds.
"Lair of the Winds by Moonlight" was one picture.
Blueberry Mountain, Blaze, and Catamount
Are all more suitable, I think, to paint;
They're closer wooded, and a rounder shape.
Or Windward Mountain; for it has a rock,
A kind of castle cliff, that strangers take
For a hotel, sometimes.

On Blueberry
There is a pond, where Daniel Webster came
And made a speech, some eighty years ago;
And all the villages, for miles around,
Went up with toy log-cabins and hard cider
Free for all comers. Strangers always say
We ought to mark the spot; but it's well known.

The one I like the best is Pioneer,
Chiefly, I guess, because I used to live
Over the saddle of it, in a town
So little, and so backward, it's gone out
Like damp leaves in a bonfire. And our house,
Our square one-chimneyed house, our sagging barn,
Our lilacs, locusts, and great wineglass elm—
The deer stray all over the old place now.
I saw a young fawn in the schoolhouse door,
And I was half afraid the timbers might
Fall in and break its pretty, fragile spine.
I frightened it away, and it ran down
Right over where we used to keep our bees,
And made me think of the last night my brother
Julius . . . my youngest brother . . . was alive.

—But that was years and years and years ago.

That long blue mountain, Lebanon, on the west,
Has always seemed to me a fairy place,
Largely, I take it, from its Bible name:
"Cedars of Lebanon"; I used to think
There must be cedars on the other side,
For I could see the kind of woods on this side;
Maples and birches—white and yellow birches,
Hemlock and spruce and patches of dark pine.
But there was more than cedars calling me
To Lebanon; a village over there
Beyond the Hollow, where I had a cousin . . .

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Well, there were dozens of them; but this one
Was little, bashful, sweet, old-timey. She's
Long ago married, gone to live in Troy.

That clump of mountains crowded on each other,
Full of deep shadowy hollows winding in,
You see on these new maps marked "Ethan Range,"
The old folks called "The Seven Hills of Rome."
But there are more than seven; or if you count
Only the top peaks, there are five; but that
Was never any trouble to the old folks.
They had a sketchy way of naming mountains.
The old folks used to let their faculties
Run out and play. They had a talent for it;
And when they had laid out their long green streets,
And had their sightly old court-houses built,
Their fan-light doorways, and their corniced steeples;
When they had banked their doors with flowering shrubs,
And beds of English herbs with story names,
And needed some new way to ruminate
The cud of beauty—then they named the mountains.

The Roving Critic

Images for an Age

SOMEONE lately asked me by what image I would represent the age that began with the use of steam and ended with the World War. I was not sure that any age had actually ended then, but an image did occur to me. It came from the story of the fisherman in the "Thousand Nights and a Night" who let the Jinni out of the jar and then found him fierce and uncontrollable. But upon second thought I saw that the image was not accurate: the fisherman by using his wits did persuade the spirit back into his copper prison and made a bargain with him which saved the man from death. Then another image occurred to me. It was that of a crew of pirates who chanced upon an unexpected island and there found such incalculable treasure that they went mad with their good fortune, raged up and down the island, extended their fury to a whole archipelago, and at last wound up in a debauch of robbery and slaughter. But neither did this image satisfy me: the people of the last age were not criminals to start with; they were probably as virtuous as any other age on—or not on—record. A better image would be that of some tribe of anthropoids who, after long subsisting on a more or less difficult plane of life, suddenly got hold of a hundred tricks and secrets which gave them power over earth, air, fire, and water, endowing them with human riches without human discipline.

And yet it is less than fair to make this distinction between men and their lagging cousins of the tree-tops. Not monkeys too abruptly promoted to be men but men come too abruptly into wealth—that is the analogy. Thinking in terms of the long history of the race, look what happened. Never before, to put it broadly, had men been warm enough except in those regions of the earth where the sun warmed them; now they dug up mountains of coal and drew off rivers of oil and fashioned whole atmospheres of gas for fuel; and with these, besides warming themselves, they made such tools and weapons as had not even been dreamed of. Never before, still to put it broadly, had men had food enough; now they discovered how to coax unprecedented crops out of the soil and how to breed new armies of beasts to be devoured and how to catch what the depths of forests and oceans had hitherto denied them and how to create all sorts of novel foods by manufacture. Never before had men, except in dangerous, communal migrations, moved much from their native places; now they made vehicles and ships to go like the wind and in time took to the wind itself for their trafficking until the restless tides of human life flowed here and there over the surface of the earth as if men and nations had no such things as homes. Long naked, they covered themselves with preposterous garments and strutted up and down; long hungry, they stuffed their bellies till they were sick with surfeit; long home-bound, they ran wild till they were lost.

Meanwhile their minds could not keep pace with this enormous increase of their goods. Their ancestors, it may be guessed, had taken centuries to accustom themselves to the use of fire and of the successive machines they had invented; they had taken centuries to find out those parts of the earth they knew. In the last age such processes were accelerated to a dash and a scramble. Things poured in upon minds and overwhelmed them. The century in retrospect has a bewildered look, like a baby at a circus: some art which it could hardly comprehend had brought a universe into a tumbling, twisting focus and the century's head ached with the effort to find a meaning in it. To vertigo succeeded what was probably an actual madness of the race—but a madness with the least possible method. Everywhere a wild activity occupied the faculties of those who followed affairs; and—though the finest intelligences dissented—among the sophists who encouraged such activity was an even greater frenzy of bewilderment.

Call what happened the corruption of comfort. Men had so long been cold and starved and isolated that they clutched at the chance to wrest every advantage from stubborn nature, and they clutched it faster than they could put it to sound uses. Discomfort was one of the penalties of their madness. Nerves in the loud din of the new age learned new agonies. Confusions grew and desperations thrived till the whole earth was on a tension out of which anything might develop. What did develop was the war which wrapped the world in horror. To ascribe it to this or that particular cause or guilt is to see it in terms too small. The race of man was gorged and could not digest its meal; it was drunk and could not control its motions; it was mad and could not understand its course. In the long run the observer of mankind must look back upon the last age as one of the several moments in the history of the race when it has blundered into mania and cruelly hurt itself before it could find its head again.

The race is very old and it doubtless has many aeons still to live before the cooling of the planet sends it back to its aboriginal slime. Nor is there use or sense in imagining that the race might return to the simpler conditions that existed before the era of superfluous things. Things are. Hope must be seen to lie in the direction of their assimilation by the human mind. Here and there different prophets insist that the mind is on the verge of some discovery as large as Columbus's, which will establish a truer balance between it and the matter which now outweighs it. But why put trust in miracles? The madness of the age is more likely to subside gradually, under quiet counsels, as the debauch wears out its influence. Slowly the mind must lift its faith in itself up above its temporary obsession with mere things. It must learn to hold and master all of them which are capable of being held and mastered. It must become accustomed to live among the rest of them as a mountaineer becomes accustomed to live in the city streets after the panic which overcomes him when first he enters them from the high silences and pure outlooks of his native hills.

CHAUNCEY B. TINKER'S "Nature's Simple Plan" (Princeton University) is a shrewd, detached, and amusing account of that period of the eighteenth century which saw the literary and the fashionable people of Great Britain speculating about the state of nature, sympathizing with Corsica in its rebellion, looking for primitive bards abroad and poetical peasants at home, and otherwise getting ready for Burns's songs and Wordsworth's doctrines. There were South Seas then as now.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

Property and Politics

The Economic Basis of Politics. By Charles A. Beard. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Iron Man in Industry. By Arthur Pound. The Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.75.

Industry and Human Welfare. By William L. Chenery. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Property: Its Duties and Rights. With an introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. The Macmillan Company.

RARELY is more good sense, good scholarship, and good writing packed into a hundred pages than is found in Mr. Beard's latest little book. His first chapter, a model of historical exposition, surveys the political philosophy of Aristotle, Machiavelli, Locke, Madison, and Webster. The doctrines of these masters are shocking to good American democrats. Here is Daniel Webster, for example, asserting that the form of government is determined by the nature and distribution of property, that republican government rests upon a wide distribution of property, particularly in land, that property, to be secure, must have direct interest, representation, and check in government, that universal suffrage is incompatible with great inequality of wealth, and that political wisdom requires the establishment of government on property.

Mr. Beard proceeds to demonstrate that historically economic group interests have formed the essence of politics, in theory and practice alike, and that "the wise founders of this republic recognized the place of property interests in political processes."

But Watt's steam engine and Jean Jacques's "Social Contract" brought in a new era of life and thought. The doctrine of natural rights and the general will, which in practice was the will of the majority, came neatly to hand in the struggle of the French bourgeoisie against the clergy and nobility, and the war of the American colonists against king and parliament. Once let loose in the world, however, the doctrine of political equality would not be stayed. "Steadily it made headway against governments founded upon a class basis. Steadily it supplanted the old philosophy of politics which gave to property and to estates a place in the process of government." But while the doctrine has continued to make headway down to the present moment, the economic groups recognized by statesmen and political philosophers have likewise gone on conditioning politics just as they had always done. We therefore face a sharp contradiction between our political theory and actual political fact.

What is the solution? The system of occupational or economic representation has been suggested directly or indirectly by men like Mill and Schaeffle and Duguit, and actually tried by the Bolsheviks. But the Bolsheviks have found that it takes something more than abstract workmen to operate modern mills and railroads, something more than paper decrees to alter century-old systems of land tenure. To quote Mr. Beard's adaptation of the thought of James Madison: "A landed interest, a transport interest, a railway interest, a shipping interest, an engineering interest, a manufacturing interest, a public-official interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in all great societies and divide them into different classes. . . . The regulation of these various and interfering interests, whatever may be the formula for the ownership of property, constitutes the principal task of modern statesmen . . . There is no rest for mankind, no final solution of eternal contradictions."

These sober and scholarly conclusions serve only to heighten interest in Arthur Pound's daring speculations concerning the Iron Man, the automatic machine that is the blind architect of our future industry, politics, and social life. Possibly Mr. Pound sets off the automatic machine of the twentieth century too sharply from its predecessor of the semi-automatic type, but he is extraordinarily suggestive in describing the substitution of the tireless and unerring machine for the skilled but fallible human operative, the remorseless leveling down and up of wages of skilled and unskilled, of men and women, of factory hands and farm hands, of mill operatives and domestic servants, of office workers and shop workers.

To carry on his ceaseless work the Iron Man demands hands, not men. "So far as the great majority of workers are concerned, modern industry presents this phenomenon—the dulling of the mind—on a scale unequaled in extent, and to a degree unequaled in intensity, by anything on record in history." The unvarying routine sits like a dead-weight on the normal human spirit. It puts a premium on the dull and slow-witted who do not mind the monotony. Indeed, Mr. Pound warns us that we are in danger of mental degeneration because of the Iron Man's ability to utilize the intellectually weak, and the moron's ability to put up with routine. The machine, with proper aid from the social economist, promises to become an effective dysgenist.

What of the Iron Dukes, the rulers of industry? They rule because they ought. Through the corporations they are training the everyday world in cooperation on an unexampled scale; and besides, "individual achievements broaden down in time to social assets." To deny to individuals such as James J. Hill reasonable scope is to impoverish posterity, and the masses display their common sense in accepting the mastery of these dominant leaders. Yet Mr. Pound is no blind worshiper of the successful business man, or of the system which he now directs.

The corporation, indeed, is the necessary controller of the Iron Man, and in the development and moralization of the corporation Mr. Pound sees our best hope for the future. But the boss ought to be in daily contact with the lives of his workers, and the corporation in highly fluctuating industries must get back to the land, creating there a "work-clan," a commune owned by its workers, with variety of income and living standards, but with security of employment based on the factory and the land. The able and satisfactory employee should hold his job as securely as the boss holds his. Yet further, and perhaps even more suggestive, "the line between public utilities and other corporations simply will not stay put." Mr. Pound draws the inevitable conclusion that every corporation is a public utility, and that "some group-grip upon private capital industrially employed is essential" if corporations are to work out their potentialities for cooperation.

From his approval of industrial and labor legislation Mr. Pound excepts measures favoring trade unions. He apparently supports the masters of large-scale industry in their refusal to recognize craft unions, urging instead the restoration of confidence between employer and employee through company unions, looking toward a system of autonomous control for men and corporations of good intent, instead of a freezing of society into class-conscious groups of employers and employees. Mr. Gompers will doubtless drop a briny tear or two; yet those of our number who favor patriotism and a hundred per cent will do well to qualify their rejoicing; for our author is doing nothing else than squinting toward a denatured, refined, and rationalized syndicalism, in which common men have sense enough to utilize their natural leaders. It is all very terrible.

The Iron Man, it appears, made the World War. We had always understood that it was the Kaiser; not so Mr. Pound. Internally each industrial state maintained such a system of distribution that its full product could not be consumed at home; international trade and finance covered the globe without a corresponding extension of political and legal controls. War was accordingly inevitable, either class war to eliminate profits, or international war. Since the war the same industrial forces and the same protesting human nature still continue to function, in a world where yellow and brown and black men are being taught to use the machine. "There can be no durable peace,

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and no effective white solidarity, so long as the coal-and-iron states continue treading the path of economic competition toward another Armageddon." It is true enough that the peoples of the earth, sick of war, "look to governments to set up a moral control over machine use," but Mr. Pound fails to show how it is to be accomplished without more fundamental industrial changes than he adumbrates.

Without solving that problem, he would educate the worker for leisure, not for vocation. "Why waste time teaching city children how to work, when their chief need is to know how to live?" History, literature, science, art, music—such is Mr. Pound's prescription for future machine-tenders. He would teach them to be content with their lot, would select men carefully for given jobs, would adjust hours and pace to their capacity, and would hope thus to see them find satisfaction and life in leisure.

And so he comes back to God. "The masses remain incurably mystic." "The soul of man wanders dismally among his marvelous machines, trying to salvage the tattered bits of his ideals, and piece them together into chains strong enough to bind again the guilty beast he knows his lower self to be. Still searching! Thank God for that!"

Here let us leave Mr. Pound. Quarrel with him as we may in principle or in detail, we must admit that he has written an honest book, of extraordinary interest and suggestiveness.

By contrast, the reader need not linger long over William L. Chenery's colorless account of wages, hours, unemployment, and accidents in the United States under machine industry. It is a convenient compilation of facts well known to students, with an occasional mildly optimistic historical conclusion of the type common to "welfare" writers.

Of a wholly different type are the eight British essays on "Property: Its Duties and Rights," first published in 1911, which now happily appear in a second edition. Each essay is marked by sound scholarship without parade of learning, excellent writing without striving for effect, clear-cut thinking without dogmatism. To reread such a collection is a delightful intellectual experience.

Mr. Hobhouse's admirable chapter on the evolution of property makes a suggestive distinction between property for use and property for power, maintaining that the former must be secured to the individual, the latter retained for the democratic state. Canon Rashdall, discussing the philosophical theory of property, shows that its justification must rest, not on any a priori principle, but on its social effects, of which not the least are the effects on character. A. D. Lindsay adds to this the idea that the problem of regulating property is essentially the old one of controlling political power, but in a vastly more complicated form.

Three frank, learned, and wise essays by churchmen trace the idea of property in the Old Testament and the early church, in medieval theology, and after the Reformation. The subversive principles of the Fathers are set down without extenuation, even to the communism of the primitive church and St. Thomas's astonishing doctrine that theft is not theft if the need is sufficiently urgent.

In discussing property and personality, Mr. Holland emphasizes the transition from these earlier conceptions of property rights as secondary and contingent to the nineteenth-century notion of such rights as ultimate and absolute, and insists on the correctness of the earlier view. Property, he holds, is necessary to personality, but individuality is never isolated; and if ownership has the virtues ascribed to it, then it ought to be extended to all. Mr. Geldart closes the volume with an essay on property in English law.

The temper of these British churchmen and their readiness to say just what they think may be suggested by a sentence or two from Canon Gore's introduction: "If it appears that the conditions of property-holding at any particular period sacrifice the many to the few, and tend to starve the vitality or destroy the hope or depress the efforts of masses of men and women, there is no legitimate claim that property can make against the alteration of conditions by gradual and peaceable means. Can such a charge be made out against the present conditions under which in our country property is acquired and held or handed on? I fear that it can be made out and pressed home." "What do we mean when we say that we hold our property as stewards for God's purposes? . . . if we genuinely mean what we should mean, and believe what we say, are we, as Christians, ready for a deep and courageous and corporate act of penitence and reparation?" What say American churchmen in reply?

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Squire of Dames

In Defense of Women. By H. L. Mencken. New and enlarged edition. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

"WOMEN, in truth, are not only intelligent; they have almost a monopoly of certain of the subtler and more utile forms of intelligence. . . . Woman, without some trace of that divine innocence which is masculine, is too harshly the realist for those vast projections of the fancy which lie at the heart of what we call genius. . . . The wholly manly man lacks the wit necessary to give objective form to his soaring and secret dreams, and the wholly womanly woman is apt to be too cynical a creature to dream at all. . . . In whatever calls for no more than an invariable technique and a feeble chicanery she usually fails; in whatever calls for independent thought and resourcefulness she usually succeeds. . . . Intuition? With all respect, bosh! Then it was intuition that led Darwin to work out the hypothesis of natural selection. . . . Women decide the larger questions of life correctly and quickly, not because they are lucky guessers . . . but simply and solely because they have sense. . . . They are the supreme realists of the race. Apparently illogical, they are possessors of a rare and subtle super-logic. Apparently whimsical, they hang to the truth with a tenacity which carries them through every phase of its incessant, jelly-like shifting of form. Apparently unobservant and easily deceived, they see with bright and horrible eyes."

I looked up, still dazed with a vision of feminine brilliance. The subway car was full of people and those of them who were not men were indubitably women. Across from me was a very fat woman with a large bland face and a limp mouth. Beside her was a rakish one in red and white paint and a tilted hat trying to slide down a smooth, padded mountain of hair. Standing up was a female who had retained without effort the virtue of youth. She was pretty; she looked amiable; she was reading "The Sheik" and making no bones about it either. The women in that car were obviously, I said to myself and to Mr. Mencken, dull, obtuse, romantic, imitative, uncritical, careless of truth, unobservant. Was Mr. Mencken wrong or were they all suffragists and advocates of birth control? Only those two species, according to this Defender of Women, lack the dazzling attributes of their sex. The women around me did not look like suffragists and would keep strictly to themselves, I was sure, any views they might have on family limitation. They were just women—the kind that used to smile when soldiers threw rotten eggs at the Washington militants—and Mr. Mencken, clearly, was wrong about their intelligence.

Most women are unintelligent. In common with most men they are barely able to think at all, because what with hell and the public school system and parents and the neighbors and the temptation to run for office or join the Lady Maccabees, it soon becomes evident to the dullest mind that thought is incompatible with comfort, if not with self-preservation, in an ordinary American community. Of course some people are intelligent—even men, although Mr. Mencken, judging his sex by United States presidents and other members of fraternal orders, hates to admit it. And the intelligent women one sees around are

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quite as likely to be engaged in the advocacy of birth control and similar heresies as in the subjugation of a docile, wage-earning male. In fact, one is forced to generalize for a moment, on the basis of Mr. Mencken's amiable errors, and assert that generalizations are always wrong. The smuggest scientific hypotheses which have withstood excruciating tests are constantly confounding their inventors by falling down. What hope is there, then, for the prancing generalizations of Mr. Mencken? They fairly fall all over themselves to get out of the way of scrutiny. Women, he tells us, are not only intelligent; they are charmingly dishonorable, unsocial, cold-blooded, aesthetic, unscrupulous, dominating, calculating. It is difficult to restrain oneself in the face of such a challenge from falling into the equal error of retorting—and proving, as a thousand writers have a thousand times proved—that women are honorable, dominated by a social conscience, tender, incapable of appreciating art, yielding, ingenuous. The one view is quite as inaccurate as the other and both are absurd.

But if generalizations are pretty sure to be untrue they are none the less amusing and should be tenderly preserved. To abolish them would be a calamity. It would mean abolishing all writers about the sexes, including Mr. Mencken; it would come very near to abolishing all literature. The generalization is as important to a writer, particularly an essayist, as flour is to a baker. It is not an embellishment; it is the very staple of his trade. Suppose Mr. Mencken had told the truth or stuck to cases; what a drab thing would have been the result! No longer could he have revealed to us what female gossips whisper to one another, or the sensations of a young woman as she fastens her bright and horrible eyes on the man of her choice. "In my lifetime," he would have had to say: "I have known some four hundred women, some intimately, some only slightly. I have rather more than ordinary insight and I have come to the conclusion that a number of these women, half perhaps, possessed . . ." Impeded by no such foolish inhibitions, Mr. Mencken has written a lively, impudent, diverting essay; let him who has the wit to enjoy it never seek to demolish it by clumsily insisting that it is totally and monstrously untrue.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Man the Animal

The Enormous Room. By E. E. Cummings. Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

TWO experiences I expect to remember always. One of them is a visit, at meal time, to the dining-hall of a state institution for the feeble-minded and insane; the other is reading E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room." Contacts with two equally memorable infernos; contacts, in each case, with sights, sounds, and smells that are unobliteratable; contacts with humanity degraded. But between these two experiences there lies a vast difference: the one was all horror and disgust; the other is horrible, disgusting, and glorious. I would choose to forget the first: I would pray to remember the second. Mr. Cummings has written a terrible book, but it is a profoundly beautiful book; it is among the most beautiful that I have ever read. In "The Enormous Room" we view the tragedy Man, with man in the victor's role.

Briefly, this is the story of the author's imprisonment—or, with him, we should say "confinement"—by the French Government in the Camp de Triage de la Ferté Mace, Orne, France. No charge was preferred against Cummings. He was a voluntary driver in Sanitary Section 21, Ambulance Norton Harjes, American Red Cross. His crime was that he had a friend, a closest friend, who wrote home to America in somewhat unguarded terms. We lack information regarding the exact nature of B.'s epistolary indiscretions: perhaps he was so ill-advised as to question some of the major premises of the war for civilization, or perhaps he unidealistically squirmed at certain of its individual aspects. However, "the excellent French Government" found B. a suspicious and potentially dangerous character. Mr. Cummings was his friend. It requires only a superficial knowledge of governmental spy-phobia in war time to follow the impeccable logic which necessitated the "confinement"—pending trial—of Cummings and B. in La Ferté, more specifically in the Enormous Room which housed an average of some sixty other criminals at least as dangerous as themselves. In this room the author existed for a little more than three months—a period terminated by release and polite official regrets. This book is the story of those months. It is not a chronological story, for it is the tale of a timeless world. As the author explains, "the diary or time method is a technique which cannot possibly do justice to timelessness," and, abjuring it, he writes. "I shall (on the contrary) lift from their gray box at random certain (to me) more or less astonishing toys; which may or may not please the reader, but whose colors and shapes and textures are a part of that actual Present—without future and past—whereof they alone are cognizant who—so to speak—have submitted to an amputation of the world."

Mr. Cummings's technique is well chosen, and from his gray box he has lifted inspiredly. The individual portraits in this book are superb: portraits of his fellow-prisoners and of his captors; of the Wanderer, Pompom and Haree, *les plantons*, Bill the Hollander, Surplice the Surveillant, *les femmes*, Mexique, the Zulu, and the rest. And the portrait and tale of Jean le Nègre is not short of magnificent; it is lyric and it is epic; within that black carcass and child's heart were compacted all the elements of human comedy and tragedy. The epic of Jean le Nègre is Homeric. The farewell to Jean—beginning "Boy, Kid, Nigger"—is sheer, and amazing, poetry. These superlatives are hackneyed; they have been too often used when they meant precisely nothing. To me their use here is accurate.

And Mr. Cummings has grasped and set down in words the mass as well as the individual. He is the terrible historian of that room in which sixty men lived in fearful intimacy. As an example of this captured spirit, and as an example, too, of the way the man can write, witness the following quotation. A *planton* has thrust his head within the Room's door, and cried: "A la soupe les hommes." And Cummings writes: "I was not too famished myself to be unimpressed by the instantaneous change which had come over the Enormous Room's occupants. Never did Circe herself cast over men so bestial an enchantment. Among those faces convulsed with utter animalism I scarcely recognized my various acquaintances. The transformation produced by the *planton's* shout was not merely amazing; it was uncanny, and not a little thrilling. These eyes bubbling with lust, obscene grins sprouting from contorted lips, bodies unclenching and clenching in unctuous gestures of complete savagery, convinced me by a certain insane beauty. Before the arbiter of their destinies some thirty creatures, hideous and authentic, poised, cohering in a sole chaos of desire; a fluent and numerous cluster of vital inhumanity. As I contemplated this ferocious and uncouth miracle, this beautiful manifestation of the sinister alchemy of hunger, I felt that the last vestige of individualism was about utterly to disappear, wholly abolished in a gamboling and wallowing throb." Here even the glibbest commentator has sense enough to hold his tongue.

The filth of the Room was merely one source of its inhabitants' degradation. These pages are plentifully befouled with that filth; but not too plentifully. Certain nice-stomached gentry have manifested nausea at Mr. Cummings's use of language. Their nausea, not their protest against it, does them credit. The nicer-stomached one is the more one appreciates the importance and absolute necessity of this language. Nor should the author be scored for repetition: remember that while the record is merely repetitive the reality was continuous. I marvel at the man's restraint. And I marvel, too, at his poise. Never does he lapse into invective. His weapon is more potent: it is the weapon of one who has experienced an overwhelming pity, not for his fellow-prisoners but for the outside world that made the Room possible.

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Mr. Cummings unquestionably realizes that he owes to the hospitality of the "excellent French Government" the three most important months of his life. The horror and the value of his experience were proportionate to the sensibility of the nature undergoing it; and Mr. Cummings is an artist. In the Enormous Room he saw man stripped of all external dignity, of all the obvious attributes by which he is distinguished from the beasts; robbed of all that man can take from man: and he saw humanity survive the loss. Degradation inflicts a suffering infinitely worse than the pain caused by shell splinters. The tortures of the Enormous Room were worse than those of evisceration, and they were continuous. Cummings has recorded these tortures, and he has recorded how he and his companions—the motliest horde of artists, pimps, scholars, crooks, and morons that ever swapped odors within four walls—survived them. Their most obvious resisting force was a sense of humor, but that is merely the outward evidence of a force still more profound; of the gusto for life, perhaps, distinguishable from the mere will to live. This book is not an indictment of war, or of prisons, or of the French Government, as has been variously suggested. It is at once an indictment and glorification of the incredible animal Man.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Thoreau in France

Walden ou la vie dans les bois. Traduction de Louis Fabulet. Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française.

FRANCE has discovered Thoreau or is in a way to make that important discovery. His "Walden" in translation has just appeared in Paris. I would not imply that "Walden" is likely to be a best seller, but it may well surprise us, who are still too much given to thinking of French literature as a voice of doubt, denial, and decadence, to find the French making room for a book which is so aggressively optimistic, assertive, American, and wilfully moral. The truth is that much of French literature is itself not only wholesome but obtrusively moral.

In his preface M. Fabulet tells how he came to know and to translate Thoreau. Like so many of his contemporaries, he felt that the world was topsy-turvy, was ailing; but the rub was to find a remedy. It seemed to him that we must get back to elementals, that we must break through the sophistication which we label civilization, if we would find ourselves. Perhaps the best thing we could do would be to destroy all that we had built, and make a fresh start, after the manner of the Mucclasse Indians of whom Thoreau (quoting Bartram) speaks. So he cast about for a prophet, a Francis of Assisi, and found him in Thoreau. What France must know was precisely what Thoreau had proclaimed to America: that salvation was not to be found in railroads, in mechanical and scientific accumulations, but in the spiritual expansion of the individual. All these things were well enough in themselves; but supposing they bore no "second and finer harvest to the mind," left us with nothing on hand but railroads and mechanics—what then?

Did Thoreau expect us—Americans or Frenchmen or any men—to live as he had done, abstaining from coffee, tobacco, meat, and other luxuries? Hardly that; but he did want us to live more simply and to realize that life need not be complex. He wanted us to see that if we had soul enough we could do without luxuries and still be happy; that all the luxuries of the earth could not make up for soul if it was lacking; and that we were slaves not to an exterior and malevolent fate but to our own inexorable and undisciplined desires. Surely this man who found that the toil of a few weeks sufficed to feed, clothe, and shelter him for a year had something to say to his century and ours. He wanted us to know that we shall be rich in proportion to the number of things we learn to do without; that we may reach the divine that is in us, if we will starve out the bestial; that if we but use the souls that were given us we may make of life a constant joy instead of a slavery and boredom. What his experiment taught him and can teach us is that life is splendidly fertile if only we have the capacity for it and will meet it honestly and open-eyed.

"Walden" is far from being an easy book to translate, but M. Fabulet came to the task unusually well prepared. He had already translated, among other things, "Leaves of Grass," and he speaks of having devoted some seven years to his version of "Walden." Would that more translators worked as deliberately and to so good a purpose! He who gets Thoreau in M. Fabulet's version will come about as near the original as seems to me possible. One or two slight errors in interpretation and a few typographical slips can be remedied easily in a second edition. I know of no American book which I should prefer to see introduced in France, and I rejoice at the sympathy and skill with which M. Fabulet is introducing it.

ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

Two Travelers

The Friendly Arctic. The Story of Five Years in Polar Regions. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. The Macmillan Company. $6.

The Rainbow Bridge. By Reginald Farrer. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

THE summer of 1913 saw the sumptuously outfitted Canadian Arctic Expedition pass north through Bering Strait. In command was Vilhjalmur Stefansson, already distinguished in Arctic exploration. His previous book, "My Life with the Eskimo," and various magazine articles tell that story. Since there seems to be an impression that he is some kind of abnormal, iron-framed, cold-proof foreigner it may be remarked that he was born in Manitoba, reared and educated in the United States (Harvard), and is now a Canadian by adoption. Physically he is not different from the average athletic man of the United States and Canada. The variation is entirely mental. Here he exhibits considerable difference, since it is by the boldness, originality, and clearness of his thought that he has conquered the Polar field and gained the praise and approval of all the best judges and especially of all men who know him and who actually were associated with him in his travels. If there is adverse criticism it comes from others. Stefansson himself sees nothing extraordinary in what he has done, or does do, and attributes any contrary opinion to a lack of knowledge and understanding of the region. He simply fitted himself to conditions.

The present volume, remarkable in its clarity, is his personal narrative of 784 pages, including an appendix of great value; and besides, a preface by himself, a foreword by Gilbert Grosvenor, an introduction by Sir Robert Borden, numerous illustrations, and a number of excellent maps showing routes of travel, etc. In the appendix is a list of the commanders of ships or divisions of the expedition, a Who's Who of the staff. The reports of the scientific results, as completed, will fill some twenty or thirty volumes. The chief ship, the Karluk, 250 tons, was so heavily laden that she drew eighteen feet of water, causing much anxiety about grounding on the part of her captain, Robert Bartlett, formerly Peary's captain and one of the most skilful ice navigators of our time. This excessive draft was indirectly the cause of the expedition's greatest disaster. In avoiding shallows while trying to follow custom and navigate close to shore, in working eastward along the Alaskan coast, the Karluk struck out into the ice by the desire of most of those on board, and was frozen in, or at least so ice-bound as to lose all voluntary movement. The Elvira, another ship not of this expedition, was wrecked in the ice, and other ships were "nipped" but escaped, notably the coast guard cutter Bear. While the Karluk was lying stationary Stefansson went ashore to hunt. A storm arose. When it passed the Karluk was gone and her fate was not known for many months. On her were the principal scientific instruments and supplies, as well as many of

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the scientific staff. Stefansson had planned two divisions of his party, the Southern under R. M. Anderson working along the mainland; the Northern under himself going, as far as possible, north along the 141st meridian. The Southern had its main equipment.

Notwithstanding the absence of the Karluk and her supplies, he decided to execute the northern exploration. He would go on foot with a month's provisions, in the firm belief that he could live on seals he would find in the open lanes and therefore could extend his journey indefinitely. All experts, all Eskimos, everybody, declared positively there were no seals there; that Stefansson was going to his certain doom. At this point Anderson and the entire Southern party mutinied, declaring Stefansson had nothing to do with their party, and even refusing to supply him with a pocket chronometer, without which he could not continue. All the others he had were on the Karluk. At length he persuaded one man to give up a chronometer he carried, which made it possible to proceed with the experiment of living on the ice of Beaufort Sea. Four of a party of American sportsmen ice-bound, Mott, Mixter, Silsbee, and John Heard, offered to go with him if no one else would. At length he secured two men of the region, but owing to obstacles put in the way by the mutineers he got off three weeks too late. This came near holding him on the ice for another winter. Only his cool judgment and precision, and some good luck, averted that outcome.

Instead of Robinson Crusoe cast away on a tropical island of plenty with a convenient well-stored wreck handy, imagine him drifting on cakes and islands of barren ice in the midst of the Arctic Ocean. Man Friday and another real man are with him, their food garnered from the icy lanes of water by means of a couple of rifles and a few rounds of ammunition. This is the picture of Stefansson and his ideal companions Storkerson and Ole Andreasen, in that epoch-marking journey of ninety-six days duration from land to land traversing 750 miles on the Polar ocean from Alaska to Northern Banks Island, the high light of this fascinating volume and of recent exploration. When Stefansson arrived at Banks Island and looked for his ship North Star which he had ordered to be there waiting, no North Star could be found. Anderson had ordered her elsewhere, for Stefansson's party was supposed to be dead. Fortunately they were alive, and fat and husky, with plenty of meat on hand.

Few men are able so completely to triumph, to vindicate a theory, by such absolute success. Once more it was the mastery of mind over matter as well as over the inertia of fellow-men; the kind of initiative based on clear calculation which step by step through the ages has brought man to his present security from the threatening elements and made known the world.

Besides this story of the remarkable crossing of Beaufort Sea there are details of other journeys, living on the country to new lands; descriptions of how to build snow houses, in which sort of architecture Stefansson is an expert; stories of hunting; and much else, all told in a clear-cut style reflecting a logical, philosophical mind that makes one think of burnished steel, and causes this book to stand as one of the most important, interesting, and absorbing tales of scientific adventure that has appeared in a long time.

The "Rainbow Bridge" has nothing to do with the natural arch of that name in Southern Utah, nor yet with anything Arctic. Far, far away is the scene of its action in the Chinese province of Kansu; in a region approximately inclosed between parallels 32° to 38° north, and meridians 100° to 107° east, as shown on an accompanying map. There the enterprising botanist-author, Reginald Farrer, found the same enthusiastic interest in discovering new plants and their blossoms that Stefansson found in new lands. In the wilds of Upper Burma Farrer died in 1920 during another of his adventurous journeys. He gave his services to the World War and in his preface, written in the spring of 1918, he exclaims: "And when the guns are broken and silent once more, the irises will still go on blooming year by year." "Let us go, then, for a while out of storm into calm, out of the clamor of guns into the radiant stillness that fills the remote heart of Asia."

All the way through these interesting pages he is reflective, philosophic, joyous over each new specimen, and delightfully humorous—always expressing himself with a charmingly graceful pen. The reader is swept along by Farrer's colorful enthusiasm and, whether botanist or not, is as sad as the author himself over the failure to transport to Europe alive a beautiful plant, and just as radiantly happy when he learns that Farrer, while doing war work one day, received a package from the Edinburgh gardens containing the identical plant that had caused his sorrow. The explanation was that at a different altitude, and earlier in the season, his servants gathering seeds had brought in some that were strange. These had been sent home and planted. The specimen thus unexpectedly retrieved was "the last and greatest event" of his second season in Kansu. "And well worth the whole two years expedition anyhow, merely to have seen it." This was *Gentiani Farreri*, now growing comfortably in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens—a gentian "miraculously beautiful," he calls it. "On so frail a thread, and across so complete an intervening gulf of gloom was accomplished the introduction to our gardens of so preeminent a plant."

There is a vast amount in the book besides the search for flowers; much about the daily life of the inhabitants, much about journeys over valley and mountain. Farrer was deeply appreciative of the fun around him as he contemplated his entourage. There was the Wicked Wa-wa, and the Murdering Uncle, and Black Buzzler, and all the rest—almost like a circus procession. There were trips on strange rivers while he made his exit from the far regions, and a brief pause at a "Cliff of a Thousand Buddhas" [near Kwang Yuen], one of those marvelous collections of caves and shrines found in that strange land. There is a photograph of the Cliff but no description. It is not the same place as the Caves of a Thousand Buddhas where Sir Aurel Stein made his amazing collection of ancient manuscripts and paintings.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

Reason and the Good

The Rational Good. By L. T. Hobhouse. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

ONE of the half truths that is now very much in fashion is that persons never really act from their reason but reason from their acts. Psychologists have gone so far as to poke a kind of sly fun at reason by naming their pet abomination "rationalization." Reason, they seem to believe, really has very little to do with the conduct of life. What I think is my reason for doing a thing is usually only the excuse I give myself for doing what I really wanted to do. As people like to say of the English, we first decide upon a course and then work out the good and sufficient reasons to prove that the course is highly respectable and moral. Now, instead of being so solemnly orthodox in the respect we pay to reason, it is far better, the psychologists seem to tell us, to recognize that at bottom we are all swayed by interests and nothing but interests, and that the might of the strongest interest is what makes right. It is to examine this apparent half-truth about reason and to discover what we really mean by a rational course of conduct looking to the Good that Mr. Hobhouse's book is written.

Is there, asks the author, any reason in the choice of ultimate ends? Apparently what, to our estimation, is good is always a harmony of our feelings and our efforts. For example, if I desire something and am unable through my efforts to attain it, I face a situation which for me is not good but bad. And yet, what I actually desired might not really have been good at all, because if I had been able to attain it, other equally "good"

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desires would have had to go by the board. There is then a more permanent or broader good which I am able to conceive, a good which is nothing more nor less than the widest possible harmony of feelings and efforts. In order to attain this, I may have to forego some more specific harmony. And indeed I may not be able to attain it perfectly. Nevertheless the whole drive of my personality is toward such a consistent scheme of satisfactions.

Now, this scheme of possible satisfactions is not subject wholly or even largely to my individual whim or desire. It is rooted deeply in my nature and in the nature of the environment. The difference between being rational and irrational is just the difference between being aware of the conditions of this wider satisfaction and not being aware of them. Reason, in short, is the consciousness of what makes for the completest harmonization of feelings and efforts.

Thus the author sees the reasonable life to be that life which can organize its impulses as widely as possible into a consistent system. In every such life there will be conflicts. These are to be resolved, however, not by the "might-makes-right" principle of one impulse overmastering another, but by the "consistency" principle of fitting the specific impulses into a self-sustaining and harmonious scheme.

Coming from the pen of one who has done perhaps as penetrating work as anyone in the analysis of life processes, this defense of reason as the fundamentally harmoninzing factor is impressive. The book suffers, no doubt, for the general reader, from a too great particularity. It seems to have served the author as a kind of exercise in writing out his own mind upon certain mooted points. But this greater particularity will make the book all the more valuable to the philosophical reader. Particularly valuable is the critical appraisal both of Utilitarianism and of Ethical Idealism of the Thomas Hill Green type and the setting over against them, as a corrective, of the author's own view (so ably presented in his earlier volume, "Development and Purpose") of a developing harmony. In days when the instinct enters so uncritically and mischievously into psychological and popular writings, a calm, acute analysis of this kind is exceedingly valuable.

H. A. OVERSTREET

Negro Poets

The Book of American Negro Poetry. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Negro Folk Rhymes. Compiled by Thomas W. Talley. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Harlem Shadows. By Claude McKay. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

IT is but natural that in the revival of poetry during the past decade in the United States the Negro, with his wealth of emotionalism, his imaginative and creative gifts, his abundance of experience, and his vividness of expression, should play his part. There is no racial group in America which has a larger share of that sense of rhythmic values from which poetry is formed; nor of that gift of imaginative creativeness, of being able to shake off mere mortal inhibitions and prohibitions and to soar into regions of pure fancy. It is of this gift that the "spirituals" or jubilee songs were born. When the oppression of slavery became too great for the slaves to bear, their only refuge was in flights of song addressed to that vividly tangible divine being who promised them rest in Heaven from earthly cares and sorrows. A second step in this development was the Negro dialect verse and story of which Paul Laurence Dunbar was the great master. These expressions of homely philosophy and of the trials and triumphs of the illiterate Negro go to make up a folk-lore that can be called distinctively American. We have now come to a third phase of development in which the Negro poet has almost entirely shaken off the limitations which dialect imposes. He is yet largely propagandist and he voices more frequently than is consistent with accepted literary standards his bitter and vehement denunciation of lynching, of the denial of opportunity, of the proscriptions of race prejudice. This is unfortunate, in a sense, yet it is a natural reaction. When Carl Sandburg or Amy Lowell or Edgar Lee Masters begin to write they have only the problems of ordinary mortals to contend with. But when an American Negro undertakes to express his emotions in verse or prose or music or sculpture or painting he has the additional burden of a prejudice which baffles and confronts him every minute of his waking hours.

This condition makes the three books I am reviewing all the more remarkable. If one looks at them as the work of writers, they are examples of talent of which Americans may well be proud; if looked at as the creations of Negro writers, they are amazingly fine. In Mr. Johnson's book we have a valuable anthology of the work of thirty-one Negro poets, several of them very able ones, prefaced by an essay by Mr. Johnson, who is himself a well-known poet; Mr. Talley's volume is a compilation of often crude but delightfully naive folk-rhymes; Mr. McKay's book of verse is a careful selection of the best that has been done by this young colored man who is destined to be recognized as one of the outstanding and memorable poets of America.

Mr. Johnson's book has its chief value—and this is said in no disparagement of the work of the poets he quotes—in an admirable and well-written preface of some forty pages on The Creative Genius of the American Negro. In this he establishes in a manner that has not been done before the rightful place which the Negro occupies in American literature, and his contributions in folk-songs, ragtime, and folk-dances. It will be surprising to many persons to know that the first woman poet in America to publish a volume of her works, except one, was a colored woman, Phillis Wheatley, born in Africa and brought to America as a slave. It will be interesting to know that more than one hundred Negro poets of more or less merit have published volumes of their verse ranging from pamphlets to substantial volumes. Equally surprising and interesting to the uninformed will seem the merit and value of much of the poetry that these colored writers have produced. Mr. Johnson has rendered a genuinely valuable service in thus presenting for the first time the work of these little known writers. Had Mr. Johnson done nothing else than introduce us to the work of Anne Spencer in her charming Before the Feast of Shushan and her beautiful The Wife-Woman, or to the vigor and genuine merit of Claude McKay, he would have done well. Those who know Mr. Johnson's own verse need not be told of the high place that his work holds in this collection.

It is fortunate that a publisher should at about the same time have brought out Mr. Talley's "Negro Folk Rhymes," a compilation of verse some of it lacking in polish but none of it in interest. Some of it is gay, some sad, all teeming with hard common sense grown out of the conflicts of lowly people with the perplexities of life. Mr. Talley has carefully gathered the best of these rhymes and has edited them with care in a delightful book. An interesting part of the book is the author's lengthy treatise on the origin and development of these rhymes, and the study of the musical scores to which these verses are sung. Walter Clyde Curry, a white professor of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, has written an introduction which is a bit patronizing in its tone.

With the publication of "Harlem Shadows" by Claude McKay we are introduced to the work of a man who shows very genuine poetical promise. His work proves him to be a craftsman with keen perception of emotions, a lover of the colorful and dramatic, strongly sensuous yet never sensual, and an adept in the handling of his phrases to give the subtle variations of thought he seeks. He has mastered the forms of the lyric and the sonnet—in fact, there is in this volume perhaps too much sameness of form. Yet one can have no quarrel with a man who works in that medium in which he is most at home, and I do

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not quarrel with Mr. McKay for sticking to these modes of expression.

I wish that I had the ability to convey the sheer delight which this book of verse gives me. Keenly sensitive to color and beauty and tragedy and mirth, he does, as Max Eastman says in his introduction, cause us to "find our literature vividly enriched by a voice from this most alien race among us." Mr. McKay is most compelling when he voices his protest against the wrongs inflicted on his people, yet in his love lyrics there is a beauty and a charm that reveal the true poetic gift. Here is the title-poem with its feeling of tender pathos:

"I hear the halting footsteps of a lass
In Negro Harlem when the night lets fall
Its veil. I see the shapes of girls who pass
To bend and barter at desire's call.
Ah, little dark girls who in slippered feet
Go prowling through the night from street to street!

Through the long night until the silver break
Of day the little gray feet know no rest;
Through the lone night until the last snow-flake
Has dropped from heaven upon the earth's white breast,
The dusky, half-clad girls of tired feet
Are trudging, thinly shod, from street to street.

Ah, stern harsh world, that in the wretched way
Of poverty, dishonor, and disgrace,
Has pushed the timid little feet of clay,
The sacred brown feet of my fallen race!
Ah, heart of me, the weary, weary feet
In Harlem wandering from street to street."

WALTER F. WHITE

A Lexicon of Labor

What's What in the Labor Movement. Compiled by Waldo R. Browne. B. W. Huebsch. $4.

MR. BROWNE has done a painstaking and scholarly piece of work. He has thought of every word or phrase of common use in the labor movement both at home and abroad and a great many more of which even the labor expert has not heard. He has arranged all these words and phrases in alphabetical order with complete cross-indexing and has written from a paragraph to a page or two explaining each one of them. I open to page 132, for instance, and find a paragraph on Discharge of Wage Earners in Russia and the beginning of a page and a half description of Discipline. On the preceding page are Direct Action, Disability Benefits, and Discharge Book System. This is a typical cross-section of the book.

The test of an encyclopedist like Mr. Browne—at least the test of his value as a scholar—lies in the quality and temper of his definition of such phrases as Direct Action, Bolshevism, and Open Shop rather than of Disability Benefits or the Discharge Book System. I have thought of all the hotly controversial words and phrases I could and have looked them up in Mr. Browne's book. He seems to me to meet the test, with a few minor reservations, most admirably.

Take the phrase One Big Union as an example. It is a phrase that will start a fight in any union meeting. Mr. Browne says, with the cool balance of the scholar: "This term like many others in the labor movement is so loosely and variously used that any exact definition is difficult. To certain timid souls, any departure from strict craft unionism, any labor organization that follows the general structure and lines of an entire industry is One Big Union. . . . But, in the broadest sense, the term denotes an ideal or a purpose, rather than any present activity—an ideal and purpose that have long exerted a powerful influence on the working-classes of every country."

Of Bolshevism Mr. Browne says, with admirable irony: "In the realm of propaganda rather than of fact Bolshevism is a common epithet applied to any unorthodox social or economic views, the purpose being to discredit such views without going to the trouble of refuting them." Mr. Browne does not use this well-turned criticism as a substitute for a definition. This remark merely tops off an accurate and brief description of recent Russian history savoring neither of the diatribes of Mr. Gompers nor the eulogies of Albert Rhys Williams.

The only fault one can find with Mr. Browne and his dictionary is a lack of detail here and there where detail is much needed. Anarchism, for instance, is given a page and quarter and the American Federation of Labor only a page and three-quarters. Judged by their relative importance in the American labor movement either Anarchism should get a quarter of a page or the A. F. of L. four pages. Nor is it merely a matter of measurement. Many interesting and important items about the A. F. of L. have been entirely omitted. On the positive side the growth in its membership is perhaps the most vital fact about the Federation, yet only its present size is mentioned and then incidentally. On the negative side the power of the Federation to call strikes is an instance. That it has this power is one of the most prevalent misconceptions among the uninformed.

These faults are probably due to Mr. Browne's purpose rather than his method. He has obviously set out not so much to write a reference book on the American labor movement as to write a dictionary of labor definitions. At the most his shortcomings merely point to the need for another book: a survey or directory of American labor which will list and describe in detail all the labor organizations in the country with all the information about them which people want in a hurry when they sit down to read the paper—or to write an article. If Mr. Browne does not write it, some one else certainly should.

EVANS CLARK

Hugo Wast

La Corbata Celeste. By Hugo Wast. Buenos Aires: Agencia General de Libreria.

PIZARRO began to nibble at Peru in the early fifteen-twenties, and Spain abandoned the Southern Continent a hundred years ago; yet our Latin neighbors count for less in the literary sisterhood today than their decrepit and decried old mother nation. No one knows exactly why. Good Protestants remind us that Catholicism has proved a blight on all forms of intellectual activity; but Italy, Belgium, and some of the best of France are Catholic, with an excellent array of writers. Argentina, Brazil, and Chile will no doubt give the world great books in time. They spent the larger part of the nineteenth century in civil strife, it must be remembered, and have only recently settled down to peaceable growing.

No one has explained, either, why their best writers have come from their weaker nations. Blanco Fombona is a Venezuelan and Ricardo Palma a Peruvian. Argentina, the rich and enterprising, with her brilliant, cosmopolitan capital rapidly approaching Paris and Chicago in size, has produced no great poet, no great novelist. Yet Argentinian history is at least as rich in romance as that of any other section of the New World. It offers the story writer a virgin field, and the conscientious Argentinian novelist Hugo Wast has begun to turn it.

Wast has the ear of his countrymen. Two or three of his novels are approaching the hundred thousand mark in sales, which is a large figure for a country with so few readers as Argentina can offer. Two of them, the stirring arraignment of his profligate capital which bears the title "Ciudad Turbulenta, Ciudad Alegre," and the earlier study of the revolutionary period, "La Casa de los Cuervos," have been translated into English, and the last-mentioned has appeared on the stage

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and in the movies. Several of the novels have been translated into French and Italian, and Wast's audience is steadily increasing. "La Corbata Celeste" deserves translation as a vivid picture of the days of the tyrant Rozas, and in a somewhat condensed form might even become what Americans call a "good story." Hugo Wast is not an inflated rhetorician like some of his race. His stories are rich in action simply told. There are few finer pages in modern fiction than the quick, resolute account of the quarrel between the bully Jacinto and the man of Pepa la Federala, from the "Corbata," or the quiet record of Inesita's death beside her murdered lover, from the same book. But Hugo Wast loves detail, and his endless program of dinner parties, flirtations, and church services, the coming and going of his long file of minor characters, who rarely appear a second time and differ from each other only as one star differeth from another in glory, make for confusion rather than for cumulation of effect.

Nor is Wast broad enough of brush to do for that Titanic scoundrel Don Juan Manuel Rozas what Carlyle did for Robespierre or Schiller for Philip II. The story is told by a warm-hearted secretary of the dictator's, who gives us constant glimpses of the great man's fatuous vanity and frequent hints at his cruelty, but little idea of his strength. It is 1840; the Unitarians (partisans of a centralized republican government, like that of France) are active in opposition but as yet unable to counteract the enormous popularity of this superhuman gaucho-president from the southern Pampas. The Federalists (advocates of a federation of states, like that of the United States of North America) are destined to remain in the saddle for another decade and more. Our hero the secretary ends by tying his sweetheart's blue cravat about his neck and deserting the Reds for a losing cause and exile. But he has never been a tremendous success as a hero, and his exile is no serious matter. Señor Wast might well continue his story with the revolt of General Urquiza and the tyrant's edifying downfall.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Love's Exasperations

Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

WHAT one feels most strongly in the novels of D. H. Lawrence is the personality behind them—a personality so intense as to suggest the poet as much as the novelist. Consciously or unconsciously he has used the novel less as a means of describing the variety of life than as a means of projecting his personality upon the world, and he has made the novel almost as personal as a lyric. If one demands above all some balanced view of human life and the forces which control it, the trilogy of which "Aaron's Rod" is a part will seem, in spite of its great vividness, power, and freshness, an almost hysterical overemphasis of certain interesting things. Until one is prepared to approach his novels as one would approach a poem, that is, with an eye chiefly for sensuous beauty, passion, and intensity rather than for any rounded conception of life as a whole, one had better leave them alone, because Mr. Lawrence is no more a "secretary of society" than Shelley was. He feels with a poetic intensity, and he has a magnificent gift for a sort of expressionistic description. Perhaps, indeed, the very vividness of his own emotional state tends to make him give to the whole world the color of his own soul, and in "Aaron's Rod" he has created a group of people who for all their superficial differences are really the same person because each is in the grip of some phase of the same passion and each is dominated in his every act by it.

Mr. Lawrence's world is here exclusively a world of love—of passionate and personal attraction and repulsion. His characters are each separate entities perpetually yearning, like Matthew Arnold's islands, the one toward the other and perpetually baffled by "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea." Now they stretch out aching and imploring arms across the abyss which separates ego from ego; now, wearied by frustrated effort, they hurl curses; and now they attempt to settle themselves in desperate acceptance of their solitariness; but wherever they go or whatever they do, love—the desire to absorb and be absorbed—drives them on and gnaws their vitals.

Aaron, a collier, deserts his family because love has made him no more than an intimate stranger to his wife, and when he drifts into the Bohemian life of London he finds the whole world in the grip of the same frustrated passion, every one either reaching out desperately for contacts or fleeing from them with an equal desperation born of a knowledge of the illusory nature of the passionate union. Life as Mr. Lawrence here presents it is determined in its every gesture by the passionate desire for mergence or by the realization that the lover's dream of a union of soul as well as body is usually no more than a dream, and he closes with a curious chapter describing how such a mystic union may actually be born.

"Aaron's Rod" achieves what used to be called in the criticism of the "short-story" the single effect. In spite of an externally realistic method, Mr. Lawrence has sacrificed any approach to a literal presentation of the variety and complexity of life in the interest of a sort of emotional unity. Hence it is that he invites perpetually the criticism that he has lost perspective in the violence of an overemphasis of what is with most people rather a passing mood than an ever-determining force. We prefer, however, to leave to those more interested in "form" the question as to whether or not the novel is a fixed *genre* and the novelist to be judged exclusively by the clarity and normality of his vision. We prefer to insist merely upon the rich sensuousness of Mr. Lawrence's descriptions, upon his emotional intensity, and upon the subtlety with which overemphasis has enabled him to analyze the particular mood which he has chosen. "Aaron's Rod" is not a "well-rounded" novel, but it is an epic of love's exasperations.

J. W. KRUTCH

Sentiment and Irony

Where Your Treasure Is. By John Hastings Turner. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Guinea Girl. By Norman Davey. George H. Doran Company. $1.75.

WERE it not for a symbolical confusion of narrative method a considerable popular success might be predicted for "Where Your Treasure Is." The story proceeds in the same manner as that of the most astonishing success of the day and the year. The beginnings are admirably true and well if not at all pungently recorded. The stage is set, the problem proposed, the true interplay of forces may set in. Nothing of the kind happens. Instead, heavily yet hazily wrapped in a symbolical texture, a series of moral miracles takes place. The inner changes can be credited only on the Tertullian principle of their impossibility. But that, as publishers' books show, is the least of obstacles. Perhaps there is comfort in the fact that nowadays the public wants its ground-work realistically built. That, on the other hand, may be nothing but the infection of fashion. It is a waste of rock to let it support a house of cards.

Mr. Turner begins by showing us with great insight and firmness the character and situation of two men. Cutman and Margett have both reached their middle fifties. They are prosperous, well and happily domesticated, and ought, superficially, to be lacking for nothing. They find on the contrary, and discover to each other, that a profound uneasiness gnaws at their hearts. They have not acquired "the art of being middle-aged." There is nothing more to be had in life but continuity—no adventure, surprise, ecstasy. Here evidently is a novelistic situation of very rich possibilities, of very high freshness, truth, power. We might now have expected adventure and catastrophe or adventure and resignation or—best of all and truest—

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resignation through the forgoing of adventure, through a summoning of the powers of the soul, through bringing the will into harmony with the universal law of decay. What Mr. Turner gives us instead is a purely symbolical lady who mystically renews in Cutman and his friend the flames of thirty years ago, and the book that opened like a sturdier "Cytherea" ends like a moulting "Blue Bird." Mr. Turner has very genuine talent. It is to be hoped that he will use it quite seriously some day.

"Guinea Girl" is frivolous in surface, especially if compared with such a book as "Where Your Treasure Is." Fundamentally it is far more serious. Mr. Davey is a gay ironist. But under his gaiety there is the true humanist's appreciation of the inherently tragic situation of man. Since he knows that situation to be irremediable in its essence, he wears a simple stoic smile, goes through no vain, grave gestures, and writes as well as he can. He writes, at his best, very well indeed. He has the culture—a rare thing in a contemporary novelist—that is bone-deep. He quotes the "Pervigilium Veneris" in his charming "Prelude in a Minor Key" and in his fifteenth chapter achieves a confrontation—in the soberest contemporary guise—of the Christian and the pagan views of life that does honor to him as a thinker and as a creative artist.

His story, you may say, is a shabby one. It is so, despite the Mediterranean glow and splendor of the setting. His heroine is only Yvonne who loved and gambled at Monte Carlo, his hero only a rather worthless young Englishman who was fated to love. "Cras amet qui numquam amavit. . . ." The others, except John Patterson—a St. John whom this particular Magdalen adores in vain—are empty worldlings. But essential truth and wisdom and charm are almost independent of these things. They are in Mr. Davey's mind. His ending is infinitely more moral and serious than the ending of Mr. Turner's book. He knows what man is like and what literature is like and his book is to be heartily commended to those—how few they are—who hear the true music of the world and have no futile desire to tamper with the score.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Notable New Books

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A critical review of the attempts to explain Jesus in the terms of morbid psychology. Having stated with scrupulous fairness the various theories that Jesus was an ecstatic, an epileptic, or a paranoiac, the author undertakes to refute them. The result is a scholarly piece of work which is not the less valuable because it shows how difficult is the construction of anything like a modern biography of Jesus of Nazareth.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page. 90 cents.

A masterpiece included, with some other works all not so masterly, in a new series called the Lambskin Library and partly aimed to show what can be done to issue handsome books at a lower price than has prevailed for several years.

Rosinante to the Road Again. By John Dos Passos. Doran. $1.75.

These essays show Mr. Dos Passos wandering in Spain, an excited and sensitive observer of an ancient, unchanged people that never has been capitalist and may never at all be interested in communism. To be sure he hears talk of Russian revolution and American "progress," and it is plain that not a few Spaniards are malcontents from malnutrition, but the country keeps on in its old variety and its old untouchable beauty. Mr. Dos Passos would like to see it healthy as well as happy (it is happy for reasons we know little of), but he cannot think of subways there, or clean-up days, or advertising, and he is not sure that a public conscience would do real good. Obviously Mr. Dos Passos is an amateur at social diagnosis. His literature, however, is professional. His most competent pages are those on modern writers whom he met or read—Azorín, Unamuno, Machado, and Baroja.

Silhouettes Crépusculaires. By Carola Ernst. Brussels: Maurice Lamertin.

Mlle. Ernst, a Belgian woman now teaching in the United States, visited the military hospital at Charleroi late in 1914, and finding there a French captain who had been blinded in action undertook to convey him back to his wife and five children in Paris. The route lay through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France, and returned through England and Holland. The whole adventure as recounted in these tactful and sensitive pages makes excellent reading, but the chapter on Germany is the most immediately interesting. Enough German officials were stupid and blunt, but on the whole the treatment of the pair was decent and even kindly. What bitterness there was sprang purely out of propaganda: the British Government, it seems, had set out to "conquer" a peaceful world; Belgian non-combatants were positively known to be swarming over the battlefields and digging out the eyes of German wounded. The book was written in 1915, and is only published now in the hope that it may assist in restoring the common sense of a Europe the author loves but fears for.

Jean de La Fontaine. By André Hallays. Paris: Perrin.

An affectionate and agreeable biography, with no pretensions to research but original in its emphasis upon information which the great fabulist has given us about himself.

A Dictionary of English Phrases. By Albert M. Hyamson. Dutton. $5.

About 14,000 "terms and phrases that have been incorporated in the English language," here sought out and explained with great industry. Compiled by an Englishman, it is better on the British than on the American side of the language: for instance, it fails to list "manifest destiny," "pork barrel," "to wave the bloody shirt," "hayseed," "plug ugly," "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," "poor white trash"; it says that the Solid South was solid till 1896; and it identifies "the White House" with "the Presidency of the United States."

Olympic Victor Monuments and Greek Athletic Art. By Walter Woodburn Hyde. Washington: Carnegie Institute.

An extended study of one of the most important stages in Greek sculpture, with a wealth of information concerning athletic institutions in Greece and with particular attention to reconstruction of the figures in the Altis at Olympia.

Paris and Its Environs. Edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarche. London: Macmillan. 12s.

The fourth in the series of Blue Guides that aim to replace the celebrated Baedeker publications which the European war disrupted. In almost every detail—size, typography, and treatment—these books follow the model of their German predecessors, but the color of the binding is different, so that henceforth the English-speaking visitor in Europe will be identified (among other signs) by a blue instead of a red volume carried in his hand or protruding from his pocket. It is nine years since the last Baedeker on Paris was issued and a comprehensive new guide is welcome. The editors have done their work well, but the maps do not quite reach the Baedeker standard of clarity and perfection.

Psychoanalysis of the "Reformer." By Joel Rinaldo. New York: Lee Publishing Company.

An angry little treatise arguing that "reformers" are "hysteriacs" who suffer from sexual inhibitions and employ "reform"—in particular, prohibition—as a method of sadistic gratification. Novel and observant at several points, the book is very extreme in its claims and methods.

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The Early Italian Painters: Their Art and Times as Illustrated from Examples of Their Work in the National Gallery, London. By Mrs. C. R. Peers. Medici Society. $3.
An honest, well-informed guidebook, with good illustrations.

Chapters from Childhood. By Juliet Soskice. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Reminiscences, with lively portraits, of Mrs. Soskice's grandfather, Ford Madox-Brown, and of her uncle, William Michael Rossetti. The narrative is given with a conscious but effective simplicity, and with the humorous irony of an adult recollecting infancy and adolescence. The account of the convent schools which this particular girl attended in England and Germany makes an impression both unpleasant and unwholesome.

The American Spirit in the Writings of Americans of Foreign Birth. Edited by Robert E. Stauffer. Boston: Christopher Publishing House.
An illuminating anthology of selections from the works of Americans born in Germany, Scotland, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Russia, Syria, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Italy, Rumania, Poland—all, however homesick, full of aspiration toward the new land. No body of American literature is more significant than these and other immigrant books.

Shakespeare Adaptations. Edited by Montague Summers. Small, Maynard.
Later seventeenth-century versions of "The Tempest" as made into a piece of gallantry by Dryden and Davenant and as made into a smutty parody by Duffett, and of "King Lear" as made to rant and roar by Nahum Tate. The volume has a learned and elaborate introduction.

The Haunts of Life. By J. Arthur Thomson. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
A survey in six lectures of the places on earth where animals live: the shore, the open sea, the deep sea, fresh water, dry land, and the air. It is everything but an index to fauna, and it is everything but dull. Mr. Thomson has written with his usual vividness and sweep, and with sound understanding of what intelligent laymen want to know. His sketch in ten pages of the ocean floor, "a deep, dark, cold, calm, silent, monotonous world," is the work of a thoroughly good imagination, and so is his account of the open sea, the cradle of life literally as well as figuratively. So is his history of the eel, in the chapter on fresh water. So is his picture of the salmon.

The Living Frieze. By Mark Turbyfill. Evanston, Illinois: Monroe Wheeler.
A volume full of poetry, and when not of poetry, of subtle, imagist effects. What a pity, however, that Mr. Turbyfill has been so conscious of his subtlety and his effects. What a pity that he had to take himself so seriously as "the geometrical sensualist." What are "pointed vagaries"? What are "static sharpnesses"? "My dream is like that," he confides "—an amber scheme straining through cold, stiff screens." But we had looked to Chicago to run a fist through the imagist screen. Chicago, it appears, has its artiness no less than its art.

Knut Hamsun: His Personality and His Outlook upon Life. By Josef Wiehr. Smith College. $1.50.
A systematic, pedestrian account which is better than any other book on Hamsun in English; there is, it happens, no other.

Social Scandinavia in the Viking Age. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams. Macmillan. $6.
A convenient survey, digested from many sources, of the manners and customs of one of the most interesting of the heroic ages.

The History of the Negro Church. By Carter G. Woodson. Washington: Associated Publishers. $2.
A scholarly study tracing the development of the Negro church in America from its earliest beginnings to the powerful position it occupies today. The institution has been the most dominant and cohesive force in the life of the Negro—as a matter of fact, it is and has been the one great force that has enabled the Negro to withstand oppression before and since emancipation, though the influence of the church is now waning.

A Student's Philosophy of Religion. By William Kelley Wright. Macmillan. $3.75.
A book aiming "to furnish college undergraduates and general readers with the necessary data—facts and arguments—on which they will be able to work out their own philosophy of religion." It begins with a history of religion, in its primitive and more advanced forms, to illustrate its function in the realm of the conservation of values; it then considers religion and the self under such heads as conversion, prayer, mysticism, and the like; and in the concluding section on religion and reality it tackles the ancient problems of God, evil, human freedom, and immortality. Truly an ambitious program which is carried out in readable fashion by a man who shows himself competent in summarizing and interpreting other men's ideas.

Drama

The German Theater of Today

UNDER the rule of Reinhardt there occurred a crumbling of dramatic form which preceded the crash of our political structure. Though expressionism is an international phenomenon, it took root only in the liberal soil of the German stage, and though born in all lands of the same ethical mood it displayed its true physiognomy among us alone. For several years before the war plays appeared among us that seemed to voice a rebellion against visionary restraints. Ibsen and Hauptmann had attacked a hollow ideology. But in pre-war Germany all authority save the external one of the state was on the wane. There was little patriarchal tyranny left. Yet in the plays in question there was a new bitterness of protest and patricide was a normal event. Naturalistic plays would have completed such an action with the entrance of a policeman. In these expressionistic ones such humble causality was disdained. The youth in question addressed the sun or the stars; he proceeded from prose to verse; he was normally a poet, shaken by his own eloquence, with ecstasy as his normal state and goal.

Naturalism sought to ameliorate conditions and cleanse the world. Expressionism denied it. The Ego postulated itself as the only true Being; it became a sort of dramatic radium; the spending of its rays became dramatic action. Expressionism thus admitted neither an imitation of nature nor even an observation of the soul. It allowed no object at all. It narrowed itself to the subject and the subject's absolute will. Expressionistic man was no longer creature but creator alone. His bitter war against all that was cannot, however, be set down as mere eccentricity. The confessions were too many, too impassioned, too identical; there dwelt in them a prescience of the great catastrophe, of Europe's apocalyptic years.

This development was possible because the German dramatist does not acknowledge any anterior theatric convention. His work is a confession and does, as a matter of fact, proceed from more solitary sources than, let me say, the social theater of the French. Our drama has a higher freedom than any other but also incurs the corresponding danger of melting into mere lyricism. The expressionists were free to abandon representation and to build in prose and verse a subjective world without assumptions or age.

The war came and expressionism, now also called activism,

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revealed the inwardness of its obscure promptings. It became pacifist, communistic, even messianic. Through these plays the poet himself now speaks as a redeemer who would proclaim the destruction of force, and the drama returned to that immemorial moment of its origin when one speaker separated himself from the tribal chorus and assumed the part of a god or a god's prophet. Expressionism became an imperialism of the spirit that was to replace the imperialism of the world. It desired to revolutionize both art and mankind. The task was a hopeless one, of course. There remained a literary fashion and that a somewhat hollow one. Art needs the dualism of man and nature. Without a remnant of healthy polytheism it becomes empty and abstract.

The theater began to suffer. Expressionism led to declamation; the stage became a pulpit; the art of representative acting was neglected; the noble discipline of Otto Brahm and Max Reinhardt threatened to be lost. One could not in the end blame the public for fleeing from these gestures and declamations and turning to mere entertainment.

Thus the German theater seems imperiled today by economic pressure from without and destructive tendencies from within. If any of the splendor of the past thirty years of our dramatic history remains, it is due to the ambition of a few directors and to the wealth of material which that period created. The cultivated middle-class that created and sustained the German theater is sinking fast. Its sons are driven by bitter need into business or handicraft. The newly rich have no culture and have depressed the level of our stage. But the lowest point has been passed and it is perhaps significant that for this very public the artistic discipline of the past thirty years will have to be repeated. Furthermore, the working classes are taking up their old obligations toward a national theater, and in many large cities folk-stages, like the admirable one in Berlin, are being planned. It will be a rebirth and a new beginning amid heartbreaking difficulties. It will require the most stubborn enthusiasm. The German stage has had two great periods. In the age of Goethe it flourished under the protection of princes and patricians; in the age of Hauptmann it was sustained by an enlightened bourgeoisie; if a third great period is to come, it must be the work of a great democratic organization.

ARTHUR ELOESSER

"Macbeth" in Italian

La Tragedia di Macbeth. Testo italiano conforme all' originale inglese: note ed appendice di Alessandro de Stefani. Turin: Fratelli Bocca.

FOR many years Shakespeare has been popular on the Italian stage and in Salvini and Ristori the country has produced Shakespearean actors of prime distinction; but Italy has never had any version of the plays comparable with versions that exist in French and German. The most conscientious—that by Giulio Carcano—suffers from the choice of an inappropriate meter as well as from many errors of detail. It is a pleasure therefore to welcome Signor De Stefani's translation of "Macbeth" which has just appeared; and one hopes that the task so well begun will be continued. Along many, though not all, lines it is a highly creditable piece of work. The translator has discarded the error so frequent among his predecessors (not in Italy alone) of "patronizing" Shakespeare, of assuming an attitude of superiority to the original text, and of taking such liberties therewith, in order to "improve" it, as (to cite one notorious instance only) Schlegel did with the Porter's speech in "Macbeth." On the other hand, Signor De Stefani has boldly lifted the "Hecate" passages from the text and consigned them, where they belong, to a footnote. His word-for-word and line-for-line translation is for the most part remarkably successful, and, strange to say, the few cases where he has quite failed do not include any specially difficult passage. Thus, Macbeth's "We are yet but young in deed" is not properly rendered by "Noi

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siamo ancora giovani in verita," nor is the exclamation "Seyton, I am sick at heart" equivalent to "Mi si rivolta lo stomaco." In the one case he has not recognized that "in deed" is not one word but two; in the other knowledge of a French idiom has led him astray. But such errors are few; generally he has rendered not the sense only but the spirit of Shakespeare, preserving some of the poetry and much of the eloquence of the original.

The appended commentary runs to several hundred pages, the several portions varying in excellence. In justification of the new translation he submits an amusing and instructive review of French and Italian versions of Shakespeare; of French as well as Italian because knowledge of the dramatist first filtered into Italy through France. He is excellent in his account of actors' interpretations, and offers a considerable number of suggestions regarding stage "business," costumes, scenery, and the like. There is a judicious selection of criticism both English and foreign, from which, however, one misses various modern English critics, notably A. C. Bradley. The grave flaw in this ample commentary is the entire absence of any conception of the modern school of "historical" criticism which seeks to "place" the Shakespearean plays among contemporary dramas of like *genres* and following earlier plays from which they developed. Instead we are given an exegesis planned along lines long since discarded by English-speaking scholars, including an elaborate comparison of the play, structurally considered, to a symphony. Signor De Stefani follows old-fashioned critics in reading far more significance into various lesser roles (especially Banquo and Malcolm) than Shakespeare ever in any probability intended to give them. The work is so suggestive and so generously full that with more space one would willingly comment on many details. Some of the readings adopted are unusual and interesting notably: "And all our yesterdays have lighted, fools, the way to dusty death"—the "yesterdays" being the "fools," the "pazzi"). Certainly this translation is one of the most noteworthy that has ever appeared. It should find prompt acceptance as the version for the Italian stage. For acting purposes it is well adapted, since by a simple typographical scheme the reader can see at a glance what portions of the play are omitted in Irving's acting version.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Art

The Florence Exhibition

THE Florentine spring, famed since the days of her greatness, has been more desired this year than ever before. Not only because of the severe and long winter was it awaited, although the proverbial coldness of high-roofed and tiled-floored palaces transformed into apartments was a trial to all foreign visitors, but especially because this spring is to bring back to Florence some of her past splendor and many of her old visitors. The antique city of the Medici is making a bid to become once more a world center. In addition to her perennially wonderful museums, galleries, and palaces Florence offers a special feast of art this spring. She has prepared four different exhibitions, one of which at least ought to appeal to every traveler, no matter where his personal tastes may lie: a book fair, an exhibition of paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, another of contemporary Italian art, and an extensive flower show. These exhibitions will be housed in the Palazzo Vecchio and in the Palazzo Pitti.

The Fair of the Book is international in its scope, and has already aroused the interest of all important foreign publishers. This will take place in the Pitti Palace, where the royal apartments have always been kept ready for the royal family, but have been given up by the present king to the people of Florence. Part of this book fair will overflow in the building which is now known as the Stables but in which an official school of applied and decorative arts is to be housed after the fair. The book fair will show the gradual advance of press and library work, the comparative typographical value of Italy and other lands, and will try in every way to honor the book as the greatest and most rapid vehicle of thought and culture, the surest link between the past and the present, and the testimony of modern civilization to the coming ages. Museums and libraries have lent their most interesting specimens of illuminated manuscripts, and of artistic printing and binding, while publishers have sent their choicest productions, with the understanding that all their exhibits are actually offered for sale to visitors. Part of the fair will be given over to book decorators and illustrators; and there will be similar displays of bookbinding, of graphic and photographic arts, and of posters. Every book sold will be replaced at once. A consulting-room with interpreters and book experts will furnish the data required by collectors.

In the Palazzo Vecchio, under the management of one of Italy's best-known and most fastidious playwrights, Sem Benelli, will be gathered the best work of living painters and sculptors. With this will be shown various exhibits of applied arts, of Venetian and other jewels, of iron and wood work, of glassware from all parts of Italy. Perhaps the most interesting exhibition, however, will be that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which for the first time in history will assemble the most illustrative work of the period between the twilight of the Renaissance and the exaggerated bombast of the Baroque and the artifice of the Empire schools. Famous paintings are being sent from London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Venice, Milan, which may now be seen in thirty rooms instead of in thirty cities spread over half Europe.

There is one item which must be noted. Florence will have to look to it that foreigners are not gouged, or she may become black-listed like the French Riviera. Hotel-keepers of Italy in general are charging very high prices this year, without counting their notorious "extras." Already they are raising prices in Florence, some as much as by a hundred per cent.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

Music

Vale!

NEW YORK has apparently become the musical clearing house for America. Reputations made in Berlin, London, or Paris must now, it seems, be indorsed by the American metropolis before the country at large will accept them—a fact that is being more and more stressed by the managers. And so gone are the days when foreign birth and foreign study were sufficient to open our portals and disarm our criticism. An overcrowded market has forced us to measure an artist by his art rather than by the conditions that made his art, with the result that our judgment has been freed from the bias of European opinion, and our concert artists, at least, from the handicap of their nationality. But while we have been acquiring an independent critical attitude, this continuous influx of musical wealth has made us so surfeited with perfection that only a perfection tinged with sensationalism can now please us, so that our standards have become an incredible mixture of good and bad taste. Because of this a New York season will let many fine artists slip by unheralded. Much too little, for instance, was made of Mme. Cahier's singing in the two presentations of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which the Friends of Music gave this winter under the direction of Artur Bodanzky. This work, in spite of its clogging detail and superlative vocal difficulties, has much that is profoundly beautiful, and Mme. Cahier, who has long been identified with it, sang it with an emotional depth and sincerity, a musical understanding and skill that made it one of the most moving and memorable performances of the year.

Lieder-singing, on the whole, seems to be either on the de-

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cline or in a transitional stage. The war having interrupted the study of the great German classics, and the modern school being still too recent to be generally comprehended, there seem to be very few singers who can give either the emotional profundities of the one or the pictorial variations of the other. Of these, still fewer are willing or, perhaps, able to give both. This lack is also noticeable among the instrumental virtuosi. Year in and year out, even the greatest among them present the same sonatas and concertos, the same etudes and preludes and chaconnes, the same show pieces and sentimental nothings until one can practically guess their programs before seeing them. They apparently prefer to grow stale on their repertoire rather than depart from the beaten path, for to do so would entail a new technique and a new point of view, while to keep to it requires only a few weeks' preliminary practice before the season's work begins. Fortunately there are a few among the younger virtuosi, like Casella and Prokofieff among the pianists and Kindler among the 'cellists, who have had the courage to treat the classics from a modern angle. By abandoning the old emotional and dynamic effects so jealously preserved in the studios, and by infusing their own spirit into the same form, they have refreshed and reinvigorated much that had become stereotyped through an abuse of tradition.

The revolt of each decade against its predecessors is due, perhaps, as much to this routined interpretation to which every classic eventually becomes subjected as to the music itself. It becomes iconoclastic through sheer boredom. Certainly, no orchestra or smaller ensemble can live through it without becoming demoralized. Europe, being more experienced in such matters, has long had the custom of inviting distinguished conductors to share the duties of the permanent leaders of her orchestras. We are only just beginning to adopt it. Yet already the New York Philharmonic and the New York Symphony have gained from the fresh points of view of their respective guest conductors, Willem Mengelberg and Albert Coates. The former organization had already added to the quality of its material through its mergence with the National Symphony. Under the guidance of Mengelberg this material is fast being welded into an instrument that should, in time, surpass even the Philadelphia Orchestra; for the Dutch conductor has not only the genius and flame and imagination of Stokowski but has, also, a more solid background of the classics. Coates, too, has given an unwonted fire to the performance of the New York Symphony, though the orchestra is deserving of an even greater leader.

What the musical movement in America needs more than any other impetus, however, is an opportunity given to composers not only to have their own works performed but, if they are capable, to conduct their own works and those of the schools of which they are the exponents. Only a Richard Strauss can afford to hire orchestras when he wishes to promote his work. In the meantime, we have in this country Ernest Bloch, a master composer whose rich gifts are being narrowly confined to directing a conservatory in Cleveland; Sergei Rachmaninoff, the greatest living exponent of the Russian Romantic School; and that other Sergei, Prokofieff, one of the most extraordinary leaders of the Russian school of realists; while abroad there are the brilliant young English composer and conductor, Eugene Goosens, and that profound musical intellect, Arnold Schönberg. There are gifted American composers, too, who might also be added to the list of those eligible for service. That there should still be a boycott against native talent after the immense stride made by the American musician in recent years makes the disinterested auditor wonder whether those who control our symphonic and operatic organizations are not deliberately trying to stifle all national expression. To say that we are not musical is absurd. Otherwise we could not support the various concert, orchestral, and operatic tours that are gradually extending to the most remote parts of the country.

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